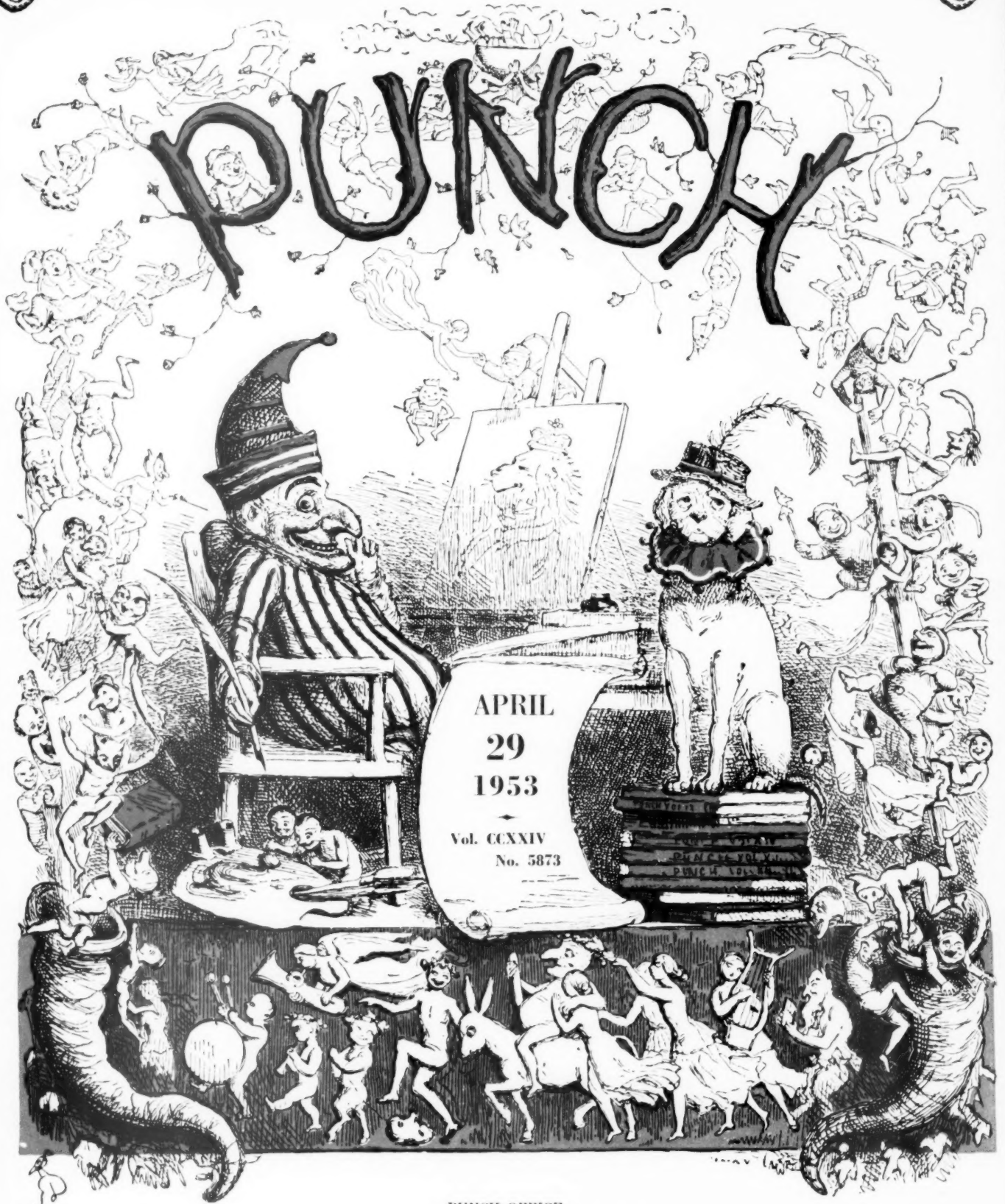
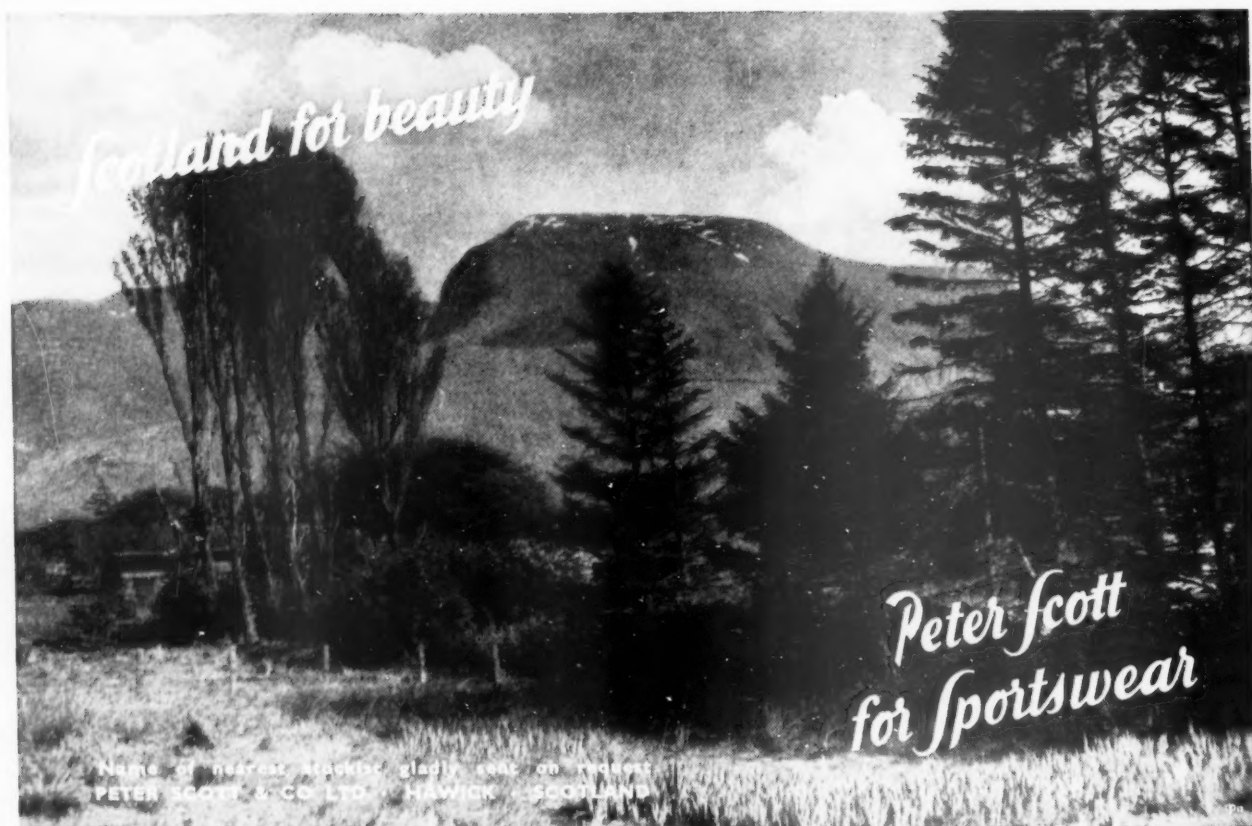


6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29 1953

6<sup>d</sup>

PUNCH OFFICE  
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



Britain's finest crispbread  
— it's made from  
Britain's finest wheat



## MACVITA

All the goodness of the golden, ripe wheat, all the richness of McVitie & Price's long experience in the art of baking... that is a combination which makes MACVITA one of the more delicious items on any tea or breakfast table.

MADE ONLY BY  
McVITIE & PRICE LTD.  
GLASGOW • LONDON • MANCHESTER

## Eye-level grilling



The greatest advance of  
the century in cooking!

The Cannon Gas Cooker A125 offers you 8 star features:—

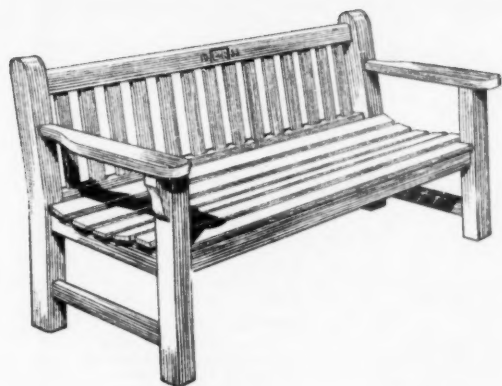
- ★ Large capacity eye-level fold-away grill.
- ★ Broad spillover-proof hotplate.
- ★ Press-button lighting.
- ★ Large high-level turkey-size temperature controlled oven.
- ★ Storage and warming drawer.
- ★ Utensil and plate shelf.
- ★ Audible "click" safety taps.
- ★ Removable non-rusting burner caps.

In gleaming easy-clean vitreous enamel—all white, all cream or cream and green. Yours for extended payments and as little as £3 deposit. At Gas Showrooms and Leading Stores.



**Britain's Best Cooker**

Cannon (Holdings) Ltd., Deepfields, Bilston, Staffs. London Office: 4 Park Lane, Piccadilly, W.1.



## Rest assured...

Certainly a teak seat will do very well in your own garden: but this is Coronation year—and what better than one of these seats to mark the occasion for your club, village or the old people at the bus-stop. There are 4, 5 and 6 ft. versions of the 'London' seat shown costing 11 gns., £13. 9. 6 and £15. 8. 0. 'E.R.II' carved on the back rail costs 7/6; any other inscription, 3/- a letter. Teak needs no painting and lasts for many, many years... much longer than bunting

*Delivery free anywhere in the United Kingdom*

### CORONATION TREE?

Also from our fine gardening department: excellently designed, cast-aluminium-alloy plaques inscribed 'Planted to commemorate the Coronation of H.M. Queen Elizabeth II 1953'. Various sizes and patterns—one includes the name of the planter. Prices from 6/6. Let us send you the leaflet

#### FOR THE CORONATION...

We have everything from gifts, mementoes, flags, bunting and set-pieces (can we send you our list?) to a bottle of something good for your local high jinks

## Army & Navy Stores

**EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE**

VICTORIA STREET SW1 · VICTORIA 1234 DAY AND NIGHT

5 minutes' walk from Victoria Station



**"Honestly, what a fuss you make!"**

An invalid often can't eat "light diet" but he'll always take Benger's Food because it is such a soothing, satisfying and pleasant drink. He can absorb its rich nourishment because Benger's is pre-digested. Benger's is recognised throughout the medical profession as the perfect diet for invalids, old people and delicate children.

## BENGER'S

*The only food that digests milk  
before you drink it*

Benger's Limited, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire

## liver and bacon

new  
delicious  
meat paste  
by

# Shippam's



Here's an entirely new paste by Shippam's, containing all the satisfying goodness of real liver and bacon, seasoned in just the right way to give it an extra appetising, delightfully 'more-ish' flavour. You must try it—it really is superb!



BY APPOINTMENT  
SUPPLIERS OF MEAT  
AND FISH PASTES  
TO THE LATE KING  
GEORGE VI  
C. SHIPPAM LTD  
CHICHESTER

## Shippam's

MEAT AND FISH PASTES

Acknowledged the best · AT CHICHESTER SINCE 1750



"On a point of order, Mr. Chairman..."



... the Secretary will shortly be in a state of academic nudity. His gown is on fire.

That, Sir, is a point of arson. Who, Mr. Secretary, has applied this fire-work or feu d'artifice to the tail of your toga?

The Librarian, Sir. Activated, no doubt, by vulgar jealousy of my new Maenson.

I fine the Librarian two shillings and sixpence. And what is a Maenson? (Loud laughter).

A Maenson, Sir, is a suit which is more than a cut above the average, of flawless cloth and meticulous workmanship. In a Maenson suit, even the Librarian would appear presentable.

A consummation devoutly to be wished. Mr. Librarian, you are to furnish yourself with a Maenson suit forthwith. And I hereby charge the Treasurer to ensure that the cost of the said Maenson\* be not abstracted from the Library Fund.

**Maenson**  
CLOTHES FOR MEN

...the fitting choice

★A new range of discreetly tailored Maenson suits, sports clothes and light overcoats, in fine, lasting cloths, faultless styles, and over 80 different fittings, awaits your critical appraisal.

THE LONDON OMNIBUS



A Vehicle of Information

#### Good Policy

Choosing a suitable Life Assurance for your needs — and those of your dependants — can be a most difficult business. That is why our booklet 'How to be Well Assured' is well worth reading for a good deal of valuable information. Why not write to us for a copy?

#### All Sports

It has been written  
No game was ever yet worth a rap  
For a rational man to play  
Into which no accident, no mishap  
Could possibly find its way.  
But you need never be the loser if your person and paraphernalia are insured by our Sportsmen's Policy.

#### Fire Alarm

An alarming thing about a fire on business premises is, after the fire, the increased

cost of replacing equipment and stock. Has your Fire Policy been adjusted accordingly? Adequate cover now is a lot more comfortable than sackcloth and ashes later.

#### House for Sale

If you are thinking of buying a house we have a booklet which can be of great use to you. Curiously enough it's called 'Buying a House'. We will gladly send you one.

#### P.S.

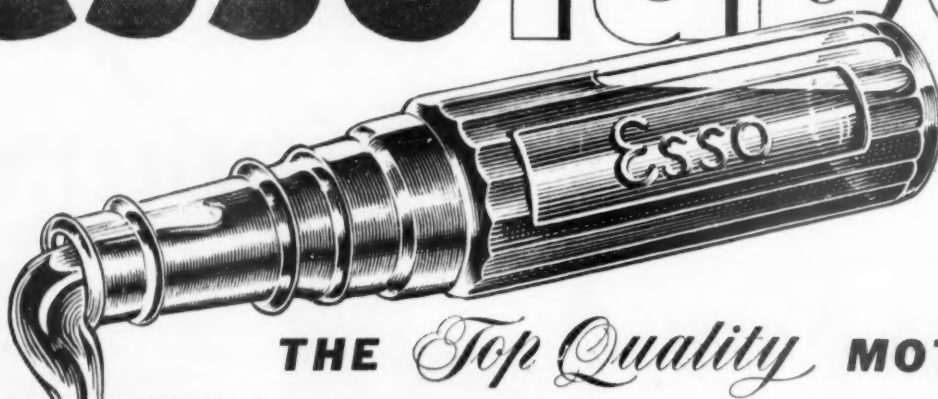
If you would know more about any of the policies outlined here, if we can provide information about any other particular policies or about insurance problems generally — pray make what use of us you wish. Our address is 1 King William Street, Department Q1, London, E.C.4.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE

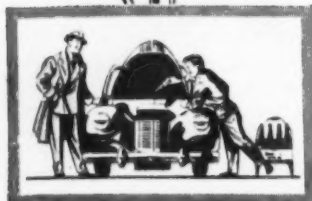
Very good people to deal with



# Esso lubes



THE *Top Quality* MOTOR OIL



Essolube gives you the best quality, the best engine-protection and the best value for money. Your motor manufacturer approves it and wiser drivers insist on it. Change now to Summer Grade and prove for yourself that Essolube is "The Top Quality Motor Oil".

ESSO PETROLEUM COMPANY, LIMITED, 36 QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, LONDON, S.W.1





*"Hardly have done it better ourselves, my dear:  
this whisky is White Horse."*



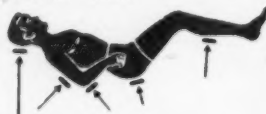
## Bless your heart... and that's

exactly what this chair has been designed to do for you... It is the outcome of many years research to find a chair giving the ideal relaxing position... the natural body line in repose with weight off the feet and heart muscles relaxed. Just to sit in it is wonderful. Lean back. So does the chair. Lie back and the chair lies back too... seat, back and footrest moving in correct ratios... without effort... automatically.

### FLOATING RELAXATION



*It was discovered that the body is most perfectly relaxed when floating in water. Notice how the five most vital spots of the body are correctly supported by the "BodiLine" Chair.*



# Bodiline

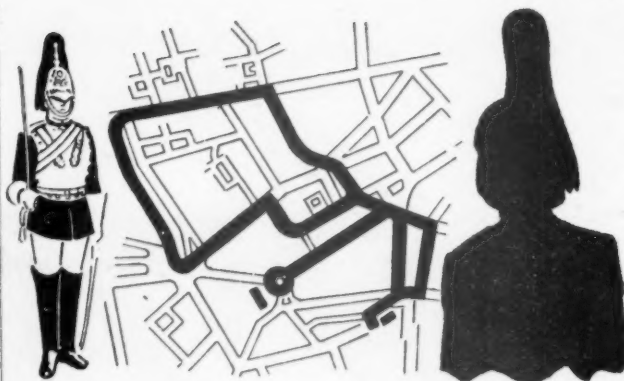
TRADE MARK

## HEART SAVER

PRICES FROM £31-19-6  
at all good furnishers

A BLUE RIBBON FURNITURE PRODUCT

**WRITE** to the makers, Greaves & Thomas, Ltd., Dept. PB, Clapton, E. 5. for details of models and names of nearest stockists. Or visit Blue Ribbon Furniture Showrooms, 3 Princes St., Regent Street, W.1 and Wolfenden St., Bolton.



All along the Royal Route,  
and in all parts of the world...

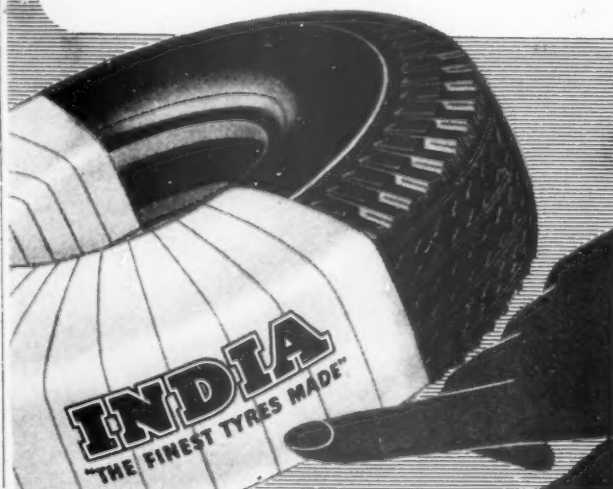
# Champagne

to celebrate  
the great occasion



ISSUED BY COMITÉ INTERPROFESSIONNEL DU VIN DE CHAMPAGNE, EPERNAY, FRANCE

Price for price India tyres are the best value because you're getting better quality without paying any more for it. Save with safety—fit long-mileage India tyres.



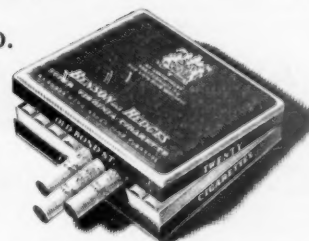


"You asked for Benson & Hedges cigarettes, Sir"

Benson & Hedges are proud to announce that their Super Virginia Cigarettes are available on the world's most famous liners, including the following great ships:—

QUEEN ELIZABETH • QUEEN MARY  
UNITED STATES • AMERICA • LIBERTÉ  
ILE DE FRANCE • PARAGUAY STAR  
EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND • EMPRESS OF FRANCE  
CARONIA • MAURETANIA • GOTHIC  
SAMARIA • ORONSAY • ORION • ORONTES  
ORMONDE • ORCADES • OTRANTO  
HIMALAYA • STRATHMORE • CHUSAN  
MALOJA • ALCANTARA • ANDES  
HIGHLAND BRIGADE  
HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN • HIGHLAND MONARCH  
HIGHLAND PRINCESS  
DOMINION MONARCH • CORINTHIC  
EDINBURGH CASTLE • STIRLING CASTLE  
WINCHESTER CASTLE • CAPE TOWN CASTLE  
BLOEMFONTEIN CASTLE • DURBAN CASTLE

Those who travel widely, for business or for pleasure, must have observed how frequently **BENSON and HEDGES** Super Virginia cigarettes, made from the finest of fine tobaccos, are called for to distinguish any special occasion when only the best will do.



BY APPOINTMENT  
TOBACCONISTS TO  
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

*When only the best will do*

BENSON & HEDGES LTD. • OLD BOND STREET • LONDON • W.

fmw Ltd



# Life with AGA

Regd. Trade Mark

**ON VELVET** When you put in an Aga, you put out a great big load of drudgery.

First thing in the morning, you come down to a warm kitchen, the airing is done, the porridge is made, and the kettle will boil in a twinkling. **FAR LESS WORK TO DO** The Aga never goes out. No waiting for cooking temperatures. No moving parts to scour and scrape and scrub. No 'doing out the oven'. No blackleading, no horrid fumes, no clinker.

And, above all, no bother. No switches or knobs or dampers. The Aga thermostat does all the coaxing and adjusting for you.

## GOOD FOOD by the feastful

**ON THE TOP OF THE AGA** are two big hotplates: each of them will take three 8-pint pans at a time. The boiling plate is also the fastest in the world — it boils water, from cold, at a pint a minute. As well as this, it is the grilling, toasting and frying plate. Next to it you have the simmering plate, just as big. Here nothing can boil over — not even milk.

Then there are two big ovens. The top one, for baking and roasting, comfortably takes a 20 lb. turkey — and will cook it like a dream. The simmering oven, below, is the same size. This is where you bottle fruit, and gently bring out the goodness in your soups and stews and casseroles; where you leave stock and porridge safely cooking through the night. And it will keep hot meals hot for hours without spoiling.

## YOU SAVE A MINT OF MONEY

However much you use your Aga, it is *guaranteed* not to burn more than 3½ tons of fuel in a year. One coke (it will also burn Anthracite or Phurnacite) this comes out at about 1/- a day.

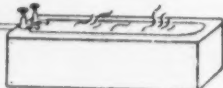
Work out how much you pay for cooking and water-heating now. Work out how much you could save by doing these things *better* with an Aga!

Suppose it saved you 1/6 a day. That is enough to buy the Aga for you. Hire purchase can be spread out over as long as five years, with instalments of as little as £2 a month and remember there is no Purchase Tax. The Aga guarantee is for ten years. Aga models from £90 to £123 ex works.

## HOT WATER by the tun



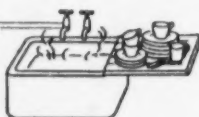
lots of it all-day long



enough for three baths a day

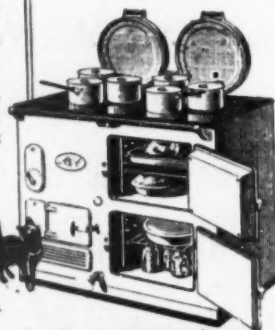


a useful 'wash'



and all the washing up

and your cooking goes on just the same!



**All this by the one fire in the AGA**

Regd. Trade Mark

**NOW THEN** There are a hundred thousand happy people with an Aga. The first thing most of them did was to write and ask for information — and that is the first thing you should do. The address to write to is:

**AGA HEAT LIMITED**

2/5 Orchard House

Orchard Street, London, W.1

**SEA DAYS**

**ARE**

**HOLIDAYS**



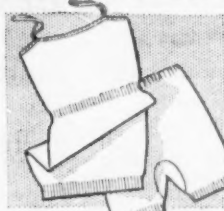
**Orient Line**  
1953 CRUISES

First Class Berths available May 23, June 13, June 20, July 11

ORIENT LINE, 14 COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, E.W.1. Tel: TRA 7141 or AGENTS

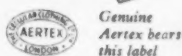


## Who's air-conditioned for comfort?



Temperatures may soar, your friends may sag but in Aertex underwear you *always* feel "just right". In hot weather the thousands of tiny air-cells in the Aertex cellular weave ventilate your body; yet, come a cold spell, and they keep you cosily warm.

There are Aertex shirts, underwear, pyjamas for men and boys; pyjamas, blouses, underwear for women and girls; corsets and babies wear too! The coupon below will bring you full particulars.



**AERTEX**

**FREE Illustrated 1953 Catalogue** For your copy send this coupon to Advertising Manager, Aertex, 465 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Do you know the name of your nearest Aertex retailer?

YES NO

NAME

ADDRESS

CPA 10



Schweppshire shows the Way—3

## Chlorophyll Fashions

THE MODERN BIO-ELEGANCE

That Schweppshire moves 'forward to Nature' is clearly visible behind the scenes of dress designer Schwepperelli. Materials created in the laboratory, woop and warf evolved literally from the pure blade of grass, include a simple gown of chlorophyll-treated gaberdine, wired by molecularly reconstituted, furnace hardened chloroin (rhymes with heroine), innocently adapted to the contemporary fashion. Syringes impregnate the material with 'Natural Sun' chlorogen whose ultra-violet radiation conquers inert heat just as surely as it does away with cold, and, without trying to substitute warmth for chilliness by the old method, produces the ideal *temperatureless* state without which natural poise can never be achieved. These models are for schwepsport only, but identical patterns at cheaper rates made in the atomically counter-equivalent Phylochlor are on sale at more convenient prices.

AND DON'T FORGET that spectacles with 'Chlorophlex' lenses give *longer and more lasting* sight, since the eyes are literally *fed*, the optic juices actually nourished, by chlorophyll's magical alchemy of light.



Designed by Lewitt-Him. Written by Stephen Potter

SCHWEPPERESCENT LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



## Paper for everyone

Your daily newspaper is one of millions printed in a matter of hours. Such speed necessitates ultra-fast-drying inks and a uniform printing surface—not too porous, not too hard—a surface in fact which is super-calendered. In developing the high-speed manufacture of British super-calendered newsprint, the Reed mills have played a great part in establishing the high standards of printing and photographic reproduction of which Britain's newspapers are so justly proud. And in every other field of its activity—whether paper or packaging—the Reed Paper Group, by studying and solving the particular problems of its customers, makes better paper serve more people.

*Pioneers in modern paper technology*

# Reed

PAPER GROUP

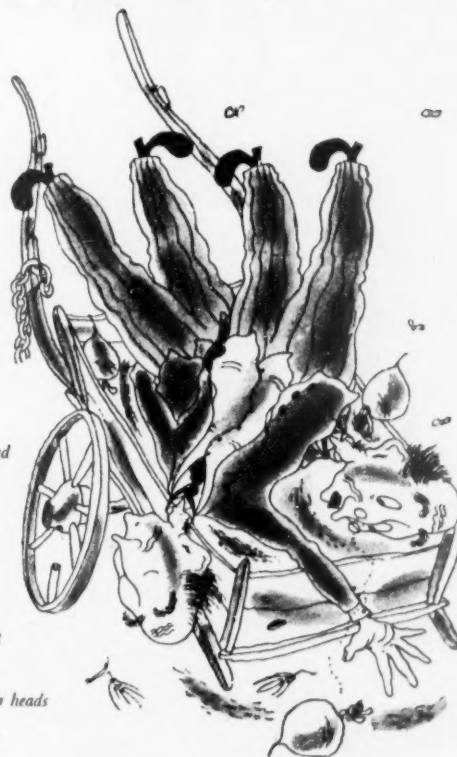
ALBERT E. REED & CO. LTD  
THE LONDON PAPER MILLS CO. LTD · EMPIRE PAPER MILLS LTD  
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*Head Office: 105 Piccadilly London W.1*





Oh  
yes everybody at Accles & Pollock  
is definitely in favour  
of selective weed control  
beginning with the directors



enthusiasm spread  
like mad when the idea was  
mooted by an agricultural machinery firm who were most anxious  
to make a start without delay in the directors' office  
designs were immediately produced to use stainless steel tubes with lots  
of fine holes to spray the chemicals with great intensity sure enough as we expected  
next day there wasn't a sign of Accles & Pollock they were both down and out  
early on the farm even you could easily have picked them out from the  
stinkwort to the broccoli the tests went well and truly right over their heads  
the directors blossomed out nicely as they took their leaves  
but not nearly so green as they looked  
with the order for stainless  
steel tubes in their pocket





# PROBLEM for garden owners

**A** mows his lawn twice as fast as **B** and half as fast again as **C**. Which **ATCO** motor mower does **C** use?

Answer: The new Atco 17-inch. It cuts a wider swath than the 14-inch model, mows more grass per minute; needs fewer grass-box emptyings, does the job one and a half times as quickly, yet it costs very little more than the 14-inch.

The 20-inch model mows your lawn quicker still — nearly twice as fast as the 14-inch. Yet both the 17-inch and the 20-inch are just as manoeuvrable and easy to handle as the smaller machine. This is because they are lightened of all superfluous weight and are specially designed for use in moderate and small sized gardens. If you have a garden you really ought to invest in an Atco. Atco motor mowers have always been the best value and this is enhanced by the unique service facilities offered by Atco's Service Branches, strategically situated throughout the British Isles, in order to maintain the value of your purchase.

The new Atcos are in the shops now—please go and have a look at one.

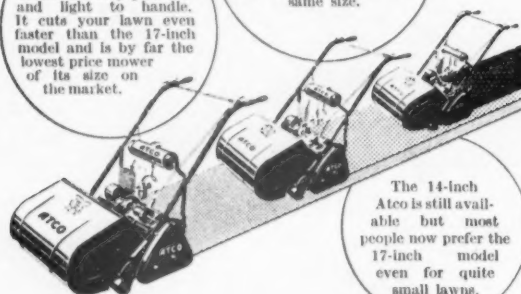


# ATCO

## MOTOR MOWERS

The 20-inch Atco stripped of all superfluous weight is unbelievably pleasant and light to handle. It cuts your lawn even faster than the 17-inch model and is by far the lowest price mower of its size on the market.

Cutting a wider swath than the 14-inch model, the 17-inch Atco, though just as easy to handle, cuts your lawn much quicker yet costs very little more, and less than any other make of the same size.



The 14-inch Atco is still available but most people now prefer the 17-inch model even for quite small lawns.

Atco Motor Mowers may be obtained by extended payments. We will gladly give you details of this simple and straightforward method of purchase.

For sports grounds and larger areas of turf the 28-inch and 34-inch Atcos are more efficient and cost vastly less than any other makes of the same sizes. Their comparatively low initial and running costs and great economy in mowing time, fuel and labour, make their use practicable and economical on areas hitherto considered suitable only for much smaller machines.





THE rejection by Micklefield justices, on grounds of good taste, of an application to call a new public house the "Pig and Whistle," simultaneously with the discouragement by the Lord Chamberlain, on broadly similar grounds, of plans to bring other inn-signs up to date, is causing some bewildered discussion in licensed victualling circles.



Beneath the surface of a modern civilization many opposing stresses groan in hidden conflict. In Australia, where conscientious authorities are attacking the marauding rabbit with an induced complaint called myxomatosis, "Animal Lover" writes to the *Melbourne Sun*: "My children gather up all the myxo rabbits that come into our property, and we feed them on lettuce and other greens. Nearly all recover. We let them go when they get well."

Appearing for several county councils, the L.C.C. among them, before the Transport Tribunal considering the case for another increase in fares, Mr. Reginald Lawrence, Q.C., said that according to his information London lines made a surplus last year, and went on, "If these figures are right, there is no case for asking the Londoner to pay more to achieve the object of standing on his own feet." Agreed. But it would be something just to hang on his own strap.

Bridges over the Thames are to have their names displayed for

easier identification, and a start has been made with Putney and Waterloo. Rush-hour bus-drivers on London Bridge will go on using their own names for it.

#### Please Signify in the Usual Way

"Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly, President of the Republic of Ireland, opened in Dublin yesterday an 'at home' festival. The city was in carnival with flowers, flags and other decorations that gave weight to the President's assertion that the Irish had 'not lost their spirit of gaiety or joy of living.' . . ."

*Report in The Times*

"Police made baton charges in O'Connell Street, Dublin, early yesterday . . . when hooligans began to wreck decorations which had been placed in the street in readiness for the festival . . . A number of people were treated for head injuries and some arrests were made . . ."

*Report in The Times*

At a Washington cocktail party, so the papers say, Lady Astor told Senator McCarthy that she wished he were drinking poison. But, in her view, wasn't he?

One of last week's political commentators foretold that the gaps in the Iron Curtain will continue to widen, and that it is only a matter of time before the U.S.S.R. will be playing host to floods of sightseers from the West. Moscow hoteliers, however, are as yet a little chary of advertising that they are a stone's-throw from places of interest.





## HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SOUTH ATLANTIC

SOMEWHERE on the way out (at a cautious estimate the latitude was seven and a half degrees south) somebody made the astounding discovery that no news is good news. The luxurious R.M.S. *Andes* was dipping through the tropics by palm-green, hospitable shores with a cargo of tired business men and homing winter sports enthusiasts. We were basking in the penumbral heat of giant parasols, sipping duty-free drinks and studying the bronzed goddesses of the swimming-pool.

"What a relief," said the Manhattan, "to get away from newspapers for a bit. For all we know Europe may be in flames, Britain submerged and Russia in the grip of psittacosis."

"Haven't you ever noticed," said the Rum Collins, "that the news never *really* alters? A murder or two, a disaster, a public scandal, another nasty jolt for the Peace-loving Democracies, another..."

"Exactly," said the Gin-and-Tonic. "When I pick up a paper again, after a trip abroad, I can never quite believe that I've been away."

To be strictly accurate we were not entirely cut off from the affairs of the terrestrial globe. Every morning, along with the orange juice, tea and biscuits, we each received a copy of *The World's News*, a sheet written in terse, even staccato, English and containing such items as:

LONDON . . . CASH TIN £949 PER  
TON RUBBER SPOT 21½ PENCE  
PER LB.  
PARIS . . . PLANNED CUTS UNDER-  
STOOD TO COVER INDUSTRIAL  
EQUIPMENT WITH LESSER REDUC-  
TIONS WOOL COTTON JUTE TIN.  
LONDON . . . TEAL AND ROYAL  
TAN SCRATCHED FROM GRAND  
NATIONAL.  
VENICE . . . SUPOR COMPANY  
ORDERED TANKERS MIRELLA AND  
ALBA NOW IN PERSIAN GULF TO  
PICK UP FURTHER CARGOES AT  
ABADAN.

Not quite as fulsome, perhaps, as *The Times*, but one can always read between the lines.

It was on the way home that the new era dawned in *The World's News*. One morning we read that a mood of cautious optimism had suddenly enveloped Europe, that

BRIT AMBASSADOR HAD FORTY MINUTES TALK WITH FOREIGN MIN MOLOTOV AND HAD BEEN INSTRUCTED TO USE PRESENT RELATIVELY FAVOURABLE ATMOSPHERE TO TRY AND SETTLE NUMBER OF OUTSTANDING MATTERS ARISING DIRECTLY BETWEEN TWO GOVERNMENTS.



It all seemed to be connected in some way with a group of Russian doctors.

Naturally all this called for a celebration. Rum Collins immediately quoted Charles James Fox—"How much the greatest event it is that ever happened in the world!

and how much the best." Gin-and-Tonic was so excited that he nearly paid for a round of drinks. Manhattan said that he'd always had a sneaking regard for Malenkov. Rum Collins quoted Browning in vibrant tones—"And after April, when May follows..."

Optimism is infectious, and at sea the world looks unbelievably clean, wholesome and uncomplicated.

We ordered more drinks.

At Southampton the Customs officials disappointed us. They seemed captious, irritable. We hurried to the train, bought an armful of newspapers, and settled down to a good wallow.

Nobody spoke before we reached Winchester. Then Manhattan, looking somewhat grey, coughed nervously. "It says here that there is no evidence that Russia's fundamental objective—the triumph of Communism throughout the world—has changed. Malenkov is merely buying time, trying to lever the Americans out of Europe, switching his attack to new fronts, 'appeasing' Eisenhower, sitting on his generals, driving a wedge between Britain and America, courting Germany."

"It says here," moaned Rum Collins, "that the wedge has already been driven."

A fresh round of duty-laden drinks tasted like gall.

"Well, you can't say I didn't warn you," said Rum Collins. "On the way out, you'll remember, I said that the news never *really* alters." BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

## HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE

For Sir Winston Churchill, K.G.

*The highest honour was his merest due.*

*This given, honour itself is satisfied.*

*And if we feel the pinch of something new,*

*As at some well-loved landmark modified,*

*The fault is ours. No order or degree,*

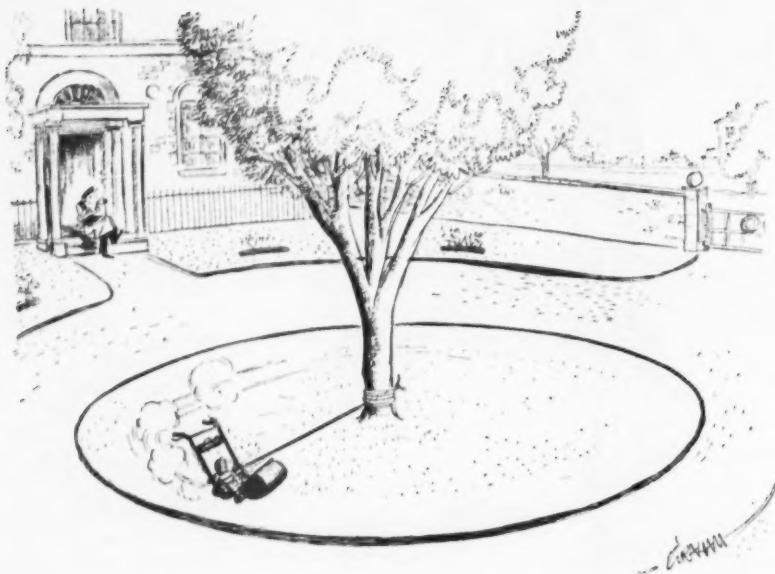
*No gift in human power to bestow,*

*Can mask or veil the vast simplicity,*

*The common English, in the name we know.*



MAY DAY, 1953



## Coronation Shopping Note

**T**HE shops," writes Alison Settle in the *Observer*, "are busy answering questions about holiday house equipment. Families well realize what a need there will be to relax once Coronation festivities are over. There is a demand for stacking beds which will leave open floor space by day for children's indoor occupations in wet weather, also for expandable fold-away tables, *preferably adjustable to more than one height*—but how hard these are to find." The italics—ours—emphasize the poignancy of this very human problem, exemplified by a Mrs. E. Todger, of New Malden, whom we encountered in the furniture department of a well-known London store.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Todger, on whose pleasant, homely face we fancied we could see signs of the strain of the forthcoming celebrations, "yes, this one they're fetching me now, one flap lets down and if it so much as expands half an inch I'm prepared to take it and put telephone directories under the feet rather than try another blessed shop. What I feel is, when you've got an expandable fold-away table safely in the attic, ready to be brought out when you need a treat,

then you can get through anything. Even the bunting. I can see that bunting as clear as if I was nailing it round the front door now, nipping in for a look at Dad's hotpot or if the children are burying the coke in the sandpit again, and turn your back on a bit of bunting you've just begun nailing up and *whop!* the whole thing's down, great thick hairy stuff that it is, and a boxful of tin-tacks all over the doorstep, but there!" said Mrs. Todger with a sudden smile, "I was forgetting my table! That'll keep me cheerful, hammer-head dropping off every third hit or no hammer-head!"

"What do you want the table for?" we asked—and regretted our question, for Mrs. Todger's honest face clouded and a stubborn note crept into her voice as she muttered "It will be a change."

"A change?" we echoed.

"From an ordinary table," snapped Mrs. Todger. "Don't you start at me. As if I hadn't stayed awake three nights worrying how you get the cake part of a cake to look like a coach, the window-frames are the trouble, you don't want to keep telling the children they can't eat that bit of icing it's a skewer; but the wheels now, though"—here

the worthy housewife's face lit up again—"gingernuts, because you can be sure they'll take the weight and you should have seen how I got the spokes on one yesterday for practice, never mind if I do break my wrist on this wretched icing-bag I said to Dad, cake-making's an art and artists have to bust themselves and all they ask is a bit of a treat after, a let-up from the ceaseless round of domesticity. Ho, says Dad, such as what? Diamond tiara, month on the Riviera? Now or never I think to myself and I draw myself up to my full height and I make my answer quietly. No, Dad, I say, I—why, look what the shopman's brought! Oh, it can't be true!"

We left Mrs. Todger blissfully ratcheting a handle that showed every promise of raising or lowering the level of a truly remarkable piece of mahogany, and turned our attention to a small birdlike customer who was darting hither and thither, with sharp cries of command, while two assistants struggled to lift one iron bedstead on top of another.

"There! Who said it didn't stack?" She turned to us in triumph and spoke rapidly. "I've got a little nephew and two little nieces, you see, sweet things but dear me they will all be having a school holiday for the whole of Coronation week, when I shall be there, and being a student of psychology I have envisaged the situation. Would not a nice present to be *earned* by good behaviour—for example not bouncing on the back of the sofa when we are watching the television and not pushing the rocking-horse into my bedroom at six in the morning—help to bring relaxation, to combat the after-effects of such excitement? The question was, what present? So I thought of all the psychological presents I knew, and I didn't have to get farther than those plastic jars babies put one on top of the other before it flashed on me—stacking beds! Two for the nursery, where the girls sleep, and two for the boy so that he will not feel left out!"

"An excellent idea," we said.



"It will make more floor space in the nursery, won't it?"

"Oh yes," said Miss Hackett—for this proved to be her name. "That is, it would, only I don't think my sister will be able to put the old beds anywhere else, from what she says. But never mind that. What's worrying me is, these beds here are not beds that *stack*, only beds that have *been stacked*. Will the top bed fall down?"

Providentially, a passing assistant brushed the structure with a small chest of drawers and gave Miss Hackett her answer. In the next department she hastily bought a smoking cap

"My brother-in-law will want to put his feet up," she explained. "The village is roasting some kind of animal and he has promised to help baste it." Fired with her enthusiasm we followed Miss Hackett from department to department, marvelling at the scope of her purchases. For her sister a jar of eye-shadow—"Never used the stuff in her life! Not likely to start now!"—and a clockwork mouse. For the children—after a wistful glance at some sofas, convertible into divans, "which would leave no floor space at all"—three "nests" of tea-trays.

"None of these are somehow quite what I mean," sighed Miss Hackett. "They do not express the, well, the soul of a nation which is in spirit, if not in every case in fact, meeting the challenge of a day on the pavement eating from shopping-bags and perhaps a ham tea the very next afternoon. I shall go round all the departments again"; and before she left this redoubtable lady had ordered a small theatre-organ and a gymnasium. As one assistant remarked, "It is such a change to have people buying these things instead of hanging about asking silly questions, like what the price is."

ANDE

"Mrs. Priscilla Riggs, ten-day bride of professional tennis ace Bobby Riggs, gives her husband a good-luck kiss before winning his match against H. Huonder, of Switzerland."—*Daily Mirror*

The managing type, evidently.

*The New Elizabethans*

## Most Notable Colward



"Th' applause! delight! the wonder of the stage!"

Sang JONSON under sweetest SHAKESPEARE's spell.

The *Swan of Avon's* verse o'ertopped his age;

The *Swan of Mayfair* writes the tunes as well.

B. A. Y.

it would not be the first time that Mr. Churchill had yielded to a sudden reversal of party sympathies, though just what office he would consent to fill in a Bevan administration—were he, indeed, offered any—is an even more obscure subject for speculation.

\* \* \*

I wonder how many Londoners have discovered London's most informal theatre-club in Great Turnstile, where for years, King Slee Mah Tin has been giving his Paradise Dances? These are based on *sansculottist* tradition, to which they bring, I'm told, a suppleness and refinement rare in that art. I learn that he is just back from Burma and Kenya, where his Cat-on-Hot-Bricks has been delighting audiences, and that he will open again here next week. His repertoire will include, no doubt, that old favourite the *crank-hop*, with its accompaniment of gaffes and jitter-bones, in which King Slee runs to and fro in all directions before a couple of columns before standing on his head in order to (as the programme note puts it) "settle a policy." This ritual is very charmingly, if mysteriously, called *Putting-the-Paper-to-Bed*. What I particularly like about the whole thing is its appeal to the tired factory-worker.

CRITIC

## EDEN AND EGYPT

*We think it fair, on the whole, to suggest that the Egyptian Government might consider at least a reasonable de jure fulfilment of the agreements which they have entered into.*—Mr. Eden.

Little longer will Egypt submit to dictation!

To Egyptian demands we must very soon yield!

In some distant cantonment our troops we must station

And leave to Neguib, to his Junta the field.

Yet regardless of warnings the Tories still thunder!

As though Britain were still a World Power they speak,

The strangest delusions they still labour under,

Forgetting that Egypt no longer is weak.

Oh, when will the Press Lord, the paid politician,

The Banker admit that our right is not might?

And when will Whitehall understand our position,

And Eden at last see of reason the light?

SANGUINARIUS

## THIS ENGLAND

"He pulled pigtailed, swore, danced, played the violin, and failed to stand up

for 'God Save the Queen.' His defence was that he was not a Luton man."—*Luton Comet* (J. ARBUTHNOT).

"The perfect dog for military circles."—*Advt. in Gossip* (H. D. JENNINGS)

"No woman in these days can afford not to wear rubies."—*Mode* (S. TWITCHER)

"Why can you not have more programmes devoted to flowers? Surely there cannot be any subject of more universal appeal, especially in this Coronation year. Flowers are perhaps the one thing that can be enjoyed equally by all classes of people, and the B.B.C. seems to go out of its way to ignore them."—*Letter in Wireless Record* (M. Franklin).

## Correspondence

### CLEAR RESPONSIBILITY

SIR,—For "Critic" to say that "the Civil Aeronautics Authority is inextricably bound up with the Air Registration Board in the same way that the National Joint Advisory Council is felt to overlap in function the National Production Advisory Council on Industry"—and this despite the fact that the one reports to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the other to the Ministry of Labour!—only emphasizes afresh that public muddle-headedness which has forced Sir Lincoln Evans and Mr. T. Williamson to fight so determinedly for a clarified differentiation between the British Productivity Council and the National Union of General and Municipal Workers. I agree to a degree of confusion between the Herring Industry Board and the White Fish Authority, but the fault is again with the public, not the officials. And, in sober fact, have any of these bodies complained of the findings of the Anglo-Productivity team on welding? Not one. BIDDLE TOAST-JONES  
London, W.2.

### UNKNOWN TURNSTILES

SIR,—I cannot agree with Mr. Cumberbund that the introduction of a system of proportional representation in Mau-Mau constituencies would in itself be a solution of the problem. More important than the detail of electoral reform is the principle of racial equality. That principle requires that, since the whites have for so long enjoyed a predominance over the blacks, therefore for a trial, compensatory period of (say) five or seven years, the franchise should be confined to the blacks. The precise period could be submitted to the arbitration of some neutral Power, such as India or North Korea.

It is, I agree, important that the British worker should in no way be driven into unemployment by the competition of cheap African labour. Suitable measures would have to be taken to see that the Mau-Mau did not export the surplus of the industrial goods which they manufactured.

JAMES HABBAKUK,  
*Secretary, League for International Friendship with North Korea.*  
Manchester.

### POOR TASTE

SIR,—On the Hampstead "tube" the other night I was witness of an incident

as "unpleasant" as that described in your last issue by Mr. Katzradisch. A "coloured" man was "strap-hanging" and, either to keep warm, or because he was suffering from dizziness, he was stamping rhythmically with his feet. Some young men of the "ex-officer" type seemed to find something funny in this, and, instead of offering him a seat, laughed and joked among themselves. What is the use of talking about "Federation" in such an atmosphere?

RICHARD DAMPNEYS

London, N.W.3.

### SAVINGS AND DOLLARS.

SIR,—Mr. Scranton's letter is more than a trifle ingenuous. It is admittedly an evidence of backwardness that the American capitalist should be in possession of spare capital. But that is no reason why such capital should not be used to safeguard the British worker in his integrated achievement of a five-day week. Investments made with such a purpose, even if they did not bring a return in the ordinary, capitalist sense of the phrase, would at least be more socially significant than sterile expenditure on armaments.

CAROLINE CHRISTIE

The Worm, Little Turning, Sussex

### TAGORE

SIR,—I am engaged in writing a Life of the late Sir Rabindranath Tagore. So far anecdotes about him have proved disappointing. I wonder if your readers can help?

SHEBA WILKINSON

Newcastle.

## Détente or Peace?

MR. EISENHOWER'S "peace" overture, made with a great fanfare of trumpets in Washington, has had a chilly reception in the U.S.S.R., People's China and the Popular Democracies. However "sincere" may have been the Presidential intentions, there is a natural disinclination to take at their face value proposals which will certainly be anathema to Senator McCarthy and the China Lobby, and to which the Taft wing of the Republican Party are likely to accord, at best, only tepid approval. Nor can it be regarded as other than unfortunate that the State Department should have chosen this particular moment to put out what purports to be a documented account of mass trials and other alleged "excesses" under the Mao Tse-Tung régime.

Whatever may be the truth or otherwise of such allegations (and, as this journal has had occasion to remark, the "liquidation" of some millions of loyal Chiang Kai-Shek supporters may well have been unnecessary), no good purpose is served by raking them up now. Meanwhile, Mr. Nehru's plea for restraint on

## Exploiting the Exploited

**MOROCCO**  
**COLONIES** and protectorates—as everyone knows who has the misfortune, in this age, to be literate—have two classes of inhabitants; the Exploiter and the Exploited. The Exploiters are the last people to occupy the country; the Exploited are the people who occupied it before them.

Here in Morocco I had got to know the Exploiters: that race of cool-headed, competent, calculating Frenchmen. Callously they had swept away the Romantic civilization of a Berber country exploited by Arabs. It was a world of unchecked freedom and enterprise, where men massacred their neighbours picturesquely, hanging their heads out to decorate the battlements; where Sheikhs of Araby and Barbary grew gloriously rich at the expense of their poor but bountiful

subjects; where sport reigned supreme—the sport of burning the neighbour's crops and stealing his cattle—and thieves were held in proper esteem; where travel was still an adventure, involving tolls to pacify dare-devil tribesmen and heroic encounters with well-dressed bandits; where plague and pestilence and famine were left lavishly free to relieve men of their miseries.

But all this was no more. Instead

I saw charts and graphs and budgets of exploitation. I saw, with my own eyes, their ruthless effects. I saw a new lake, the size of the Lake of Annecy, where the Exploiters had diverted the ordained course of nature in order to water a plain for the Exploited to cultivate, thus curtailing their time-honoured freedom to starve. Their spirit of adventure, free to gamble on

rainfall one year and famine the next, was being relentlessly crushed. Wild, wide open spaces of marsh and scrub were being harnessed for their use, with canals and dykes and drains; tawny, Romantic deserts tamed into smug, green plains of Lombardy; land divided up among them, which none might sell, so that none might now enjoy that carefree liberty of the landless. Water was being forced on the Exploited, loans at rates insultingly low, new ploughs for old, new beasts, new seeds, new means of cultivation—all to saddle them with profits, to create and gratify new appetites, to eliminate, with little respect for tradition, that splendid insecurity of the good old days.

Doctors in hospitals were obliging the blind to see and the lame to walk. Interfering vets were chasing nomads across the desert, to remove the sores of old from the backs of their camels. Engineers were thrusting roads across impenetrable mountains, that the Exploited of the countryside might





sell things to the Exploited of the towns. Town-planners were decimating workmen's quarters, built cosily of disused tins and packing cases, and replacing them with hard, clean, concrete suburbs. Schoolmasters were wringing their hands at empty schools, until the parents came compassionately to offer themselves as pupils, explaining that their children lacked the time, since they must watch the parental flocks. Administrators, riding roughshod over autocratic customs, were imposing elected rural councils, and preventing, in their arrogant, democratic way, the traditional liquidation of Oppositions.

Then the élite of the Exploited—the Nationalists—invited me to dinner, in a spacious house with divans of stamped velvet and an outsize carpet specially ordered from Manchester. There was a young Moroccan doctor, two lawyers, a student, a business man. They spoke perfect French, gave me French food to eat, had French degrees, French manners, French suits. They explained to me how backward the French were.

"They have not evolved. They do not understand Democracy—the free expression of the people's will. Our people cry for education and they will not give it them. They take our people's land for themselves. They are robbing us of our patrimony."

The picture seemed faintly unfamiliar. Perhaps, having seen too much of the countryside, I was out of touch with the urban view.

"They treat us like slaves," said the lawyer whose house it was, handing round the Camembert. "No minority has the right to exploit a majority. No race to exploit another race. No caste another caste."

"Surely, Monsieur," suggested his colleague, "we have the right to be free?"

"Free?"

"Yes, the right to govern ourselves."

"But could you govern yourselves—just yet?"

"We should have our sovereign Parliament, elected by the people."

"But could you staff an administration?"

"We have thousands trained in Moslem law."

"But in administration?"

"Of course," one admitted, "we should need French technicians—at first. But they must be under Moroccan control."

(To us the power, to them the responsibility . . .)

"And what would your policy be?"

"Our policy? Why, a free and sovereign Morocco."

"But after that?"

"Oh well . . ." They were at a loss for the moment. "We should have . . . more education—ten times more education . . . more agriculture, more industries. We should find oil." The litany went on—a litany of broken French promises.

"What did they promise you?"

"For one thing, civilization."

"It takes time," I suggested, "to confer civilization."

"Why should it? This is the age of progress."

Walking home through the streets, after polite French farewells, I encountered a friend: a Neutral Observer. What, I asked him, did he think would happen to Morocco if these charming young men were allowed to have their way?

"Back to the good old days," he replied. "The tribes against the government and the tribes against the tribes. The anarchy these people love. But in the name of Democracy. So UNO would be happy."

KINROSS

## FOR WALTER DE LA MARE

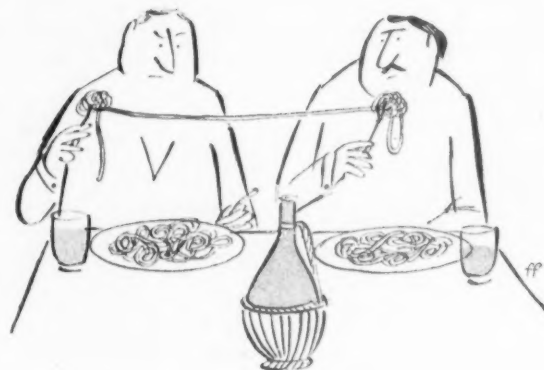
(His eightieth birthday)

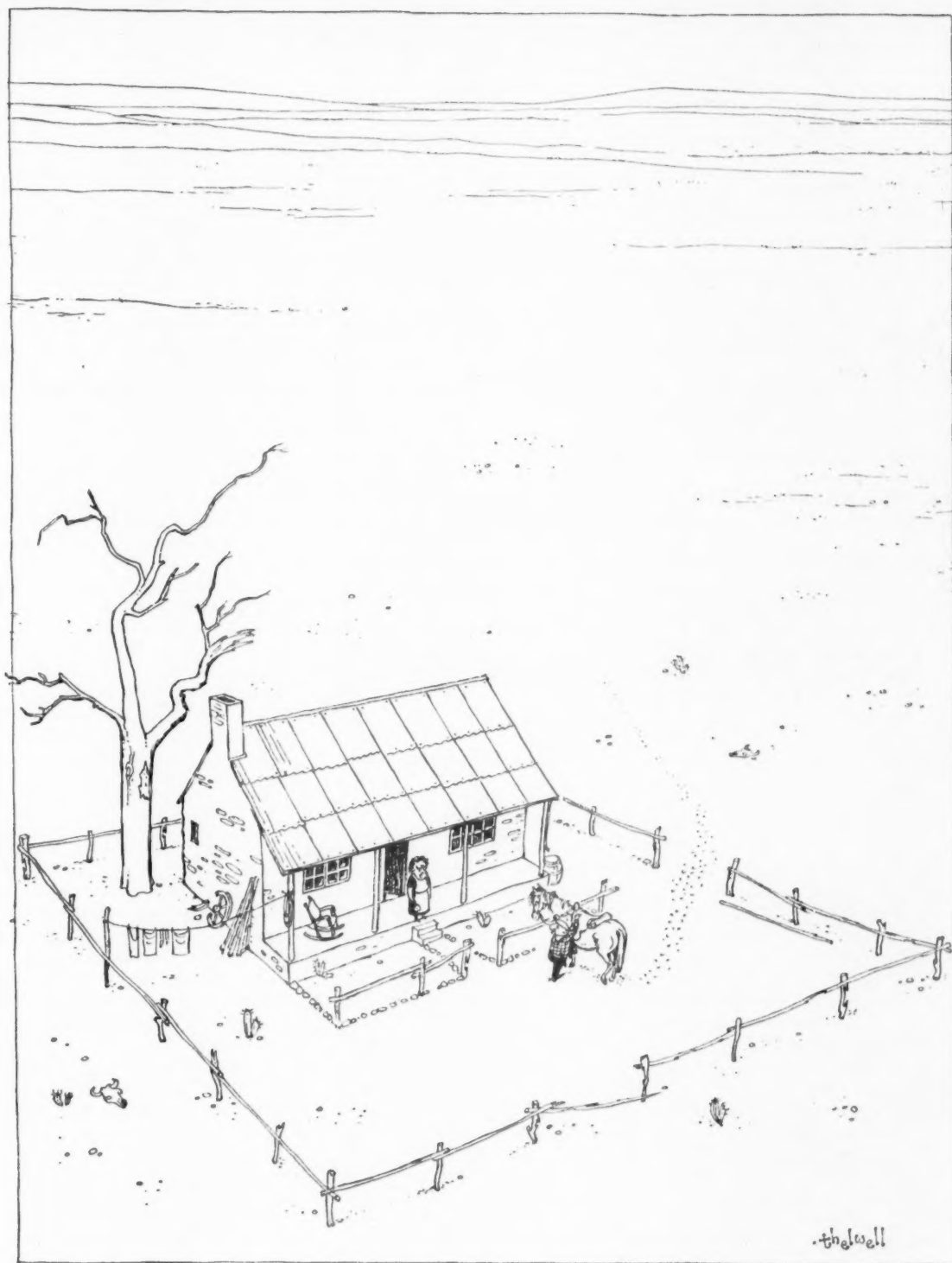
LISTENING to silence  
Where no foot falls,  
Seeing beyond sight—  
But yet there was bird flight,  
Who moves? Who calls?  
Surely, a wanderer  
Passed this road,  
The gossamer trembles,  
A leaf was shaken,  
A flower was taken  
Before we trod.

Starlight and moonlight and  
sunlight  
He caught on his way  
And the stir of the feathered  
grasses  
And a whisper that passes,  
But who can say  
In what bundle he ties them,  
Echo and shell  
From the seas and the mountains  
And out of the shadow  
That moves on the meadow  
To weave his spell?

To weave the magic  
His art has found  
In realms enchanted,  
To hold us haunted  
And wonder-bound;  
And still, coming homeward,  
And lost so long,  
To fire and to hearthside,  
We turn to the singer,  
The miracle-bringer  
Once more for the song.

EVOE





"It's all right for you . . . you're out all day."



## CRICKET COUNTS AS CULTURE

**M**R. BUTLER'S exemption of the game cricket from entertainment tax delighted us. We did not fear the extinction of cricket, but we have long hoped for the extinction of the tax: and this, we feel, may be the beginning of the end. Entertainment tax was a temporary war-tax created by the Finance (New Duties) Act, 1916. (In the original Bill there was also a similar duty on railway tickets: but that, as you may quickly guess, was quickly dropped). So this "temporary" tax is nearly 37 years old.

Two principles are discernible in the Act: (1) that what is "wholly educational" ought not to be taxed; and (2) that what is done "for profit" ought to be taxed. But the thing was a muddle from the first. Shakespeare's plays and Handel's music are generally regarded as "educational," but if they were performed "for profit" they were liable to tax. On the other hand, exhibitions of "works of graphic art, sculpture, and art-craftsmanship" were exempt, even though the purpose behind them was profit.

In the years before the Second War there were some resolute attempts in Parliament to get the tax abolished or reduced—especially on the "living theatre." In the Budget of 1935 some small "gesture" was made; and in 1939 Sir John Simon, Chancellor of the Exchequer, gave the living theatre a further reduction estimated to cost £290,000 in a full year.

There are some alive who believe that if there had been no war there would, in a year or two, have been an end of the tax. It was "on the run." But war came and the tax

was doubled. It was now a kind of purchase-tax of 42 per cent. on the "original" price of a ticket, and so it remained till 1948, when Sir Stafford Cripps cut it in half, and took it back to the rate of 1937. But before that strange things had happened—some of them due to the one word "living." The pre-war Treasury concession to the "living theatre" had been intended as a concession to "culture," "education" etc. Those who presented Shakespeare were to pay less than those who presented boxers or billiard-players. The cinema might be cultural too; it might even present Shakespeare's plays: but it could present them three or four times a day for seven days in the week, while the live actor (illegal on Sunday) was limited to eight performances a week. For this and other reasons it was desired to distinguish between stage and screen, and "living" was the distinguishing word. It should, perhaps, have been something like "cultural (living) entertainments." For shrewd men, naturally and logically, snatched at the expression "living." "Living?" they said. "Are not boxers and billiard-players 'living?'" They prevailed: and in 1946 an hon. Member said: "A profit-making commercial boxing contest is now to be classed with the intellectual theatre as a cultural entertainment and will pay the same rate as the theatre. I do not mind, but really we must realize what we are doing . . . Boxing, you may say, is a noble sport: I agree, but what about billiards, the moral effect of which upon the young has been a byword for decades? Billiards, the only

game which is by law prohibited on licensed premises on Sundays, becomes an intellectual pastime to be taxed at the lower rate."

About the same time there was another new thing. There had been some sort of "educational" exemption for plays, which fell into disrepute when "Charley's Aunt" and other dramas qualified. Now, "non-profit-making" became the main test. The main test of "non-profit-making" was the "ploughing back" of profits into the business. Managers like the late Sir Charles Cochran, who habitually "ploughed back" their profits, but preferred to conduct their affairs without the assistance of a Committee and the inspection of the Treasury, still paid a tax of forty-two per cent. But theatrical managers are still divided into sheep and goats in this queer way: some with quite honourable motives cleverly manage to be sheep and goat alternately, or even at the same time.

Later the movement for having it both ways spread to Filmania. Everyone concerned, we gather, is pleased about the Eady Plan; and anything that helps the British producer should please us too, we suppose. But it sounds a queer arrangement. We collect an extra entertainment tax from the cinemas in order to give it to the producers. We wonder what would be said if a similar scheme were proposed for booksellers and authors—for chemists' shops and the makers of medicines—or any other activity.

Finally, the total exemption of cricket may be regarded as "game, set and match," for it cannot be squared in any way with the principles of the "principal Act." We know, of course, about the moral virtues that spring from cricket, we have read about the cover-drives that are like "symphonies" or "poems": but here for the first time, is total exemption for an "entertainment" that is not "wholly educational," and is conducted, technically, "for profit."

Very well. We are delighted. The more mad exemptions and variations the better, for they are all a kind of confession that the tax is bad.

A. P. H.





OF all the guardians of the shrine  
Where Freedom has her  
highest throne,  
None is more sedulous than Schine,  
And none more confident than  
Cohn.

They are like busy little bees  
Intent on prurient pollination;  
And what they lack in expertise  
They make up in indoctrination.

Neither does anything alone:  
To unify the whole design,  
Schine's work is overlooked by Cohn  
And Cohn's conclusions checked  
by Schine.

They make an oddly diverse pair,  
Though branded with a common  
mark;

The one is lantern-jawed and fair,  
The other round and richly dark:

But which is which is yet unknown;  
Names are at best uncertain  
signs,  
And ten to one the blond is Cohn  
And the Levantine tan is Schine's.

To sift a thousand, brain and heart,  
An hour or less is all they need.  
They pick the souls of men apart  
With more than mortal skill and  
speed:

And those who take the Party  
Line

Will find it better to disown:  
The Party is taboo to Schine,  
The Line anathema to Cohn.

So far, so dangerous. For the rest,  
For the attention of the crowd  
Their comic side is better stressed—  
So long as laughter is allowed:

And while my soul is still my  
own,  
My sense of humour wholly mine,  
What comedy there is in Cohn,  
What simple fun there is in  
Schine! P. M. HUBBARD



"I knew there was a snag about this new cheap air travel."

## Oh, Hadn't We the Gaiety

ON the subject of An Tostal, the Ireland At Home Festival just concluded, the following authoritative pronouncements are being freely made by various observers without fear of successful contradiction:

It has been a noble and imaginative effort of high spiritual, cultural and historical significance, and a ramp conducted for the benefit of opulent Dublin *hoteliers* and the vendors of wooden leprechauns massed around the lakes of Killarney.

It has brought a life-saving transfusion of dollars pouring into the country's economic bloodstream, and the expense has been ruinous and futile, and who's going to pay in the end for those wild parties they say the publicity men gave at the New York Waldorf, as though everyone didn't know that the Irish-Americans only come over to dazzle their poor relations with their blazing neckties and never spend any money at all till they'll be at the Coronation or Paris?

It has familiarized thousands of new visitors with the balmy airs of the green isle in springtime, and the warmth of its hospitality, and it has taught a lot of people what April rain sounds like on the tin roof of the west country hotel annexe where you are waiting for somebody to come along and announce that high-tea-dinner is "on" now, and will be "off" again in a half-hour on account of the high cost of labour caused by the Government—the present Government, if you feel like that, or the late one, if that is the way you want it.

There is also an austere school of thinkers who opine that the true purpose of a party is to make the host and hostess fuss more about the way the house looks. According to this view it would hardly have mattered if no tourists had turned up at all; people were led to believe that tourists were going to turn up, with the elevating result that they exerted themselves to tidy up the gardens, paint their peeling doorways, organize An Tostal whist

drives, frown on over-blatant rigging of An Tostal greyhound races, mop the beer puddles off the bar, dance vigorously at cross-roads so as not to disappoint viewers of *The Quiet Man*, and in general behave with an edifyingly enhanced civic consciousness.

It is surprising that, despite such considerations, a coarse-grained local Council in Donegal voted to cease contributions to the national tourist publicity on the ground that a bunch of villains down in Killarney, racketeering on a couple of lakes, were skimming all the cream that by rights should have been shared with the hills of Donegal.

Just how many visitors came for An Tostal, and how many would have come to Ireland anyway, is everybody's guess.

Certainly the greediest of them, avid for martial pomp, lights, music, laughter, spiritual and cultural uplift, and a nice day at the races, could not cavil at a programme which included countless parades, illuminations, firework displays, floral displays, balls, with dancing ancient and modern, concerts, archaeological exhibitions, horse-racing, speedway racing, massed pigeon-racing, lectures on local history, a fire-fighting competition at Kilkenny, an industrial exhibition at Cork, an outdoor display of Irish dancing, singing and storytelling at Glencolumbkille, and at Drogheda a "soap-box Derby on American lines for youngsters," and "a Ladies' At Home, featuring a mannequin parade by a leading Dublin Agency and a display of locally manufactured ladies' wear."

There was also a special brew of An Tostal beer.

Galway, in addition to its Bay and its Blazers, announced for An Tostal the "construction of a typical Western Village, complete with cottages."

Somebody seems to have had the feeling that no existing western village was quite typical enough, thus spot-lighting the dilemma which brings anxiety and strife into the eager lives of dollar-lurers and



"Oh, 'Proceed at once' yer ruddy self . . ."



"I don't know why I bring it to this place. He charges the earth, leaves everything covered in oil, and now when I call to pick it up he's not even here."

organizers of *tourisme* generally. In Ireland, on account of Kathleen ni Houlihan and the rest of it, the difficulty is particularly acute. A man who has come from Akron, Ohio, in a Clipper, with the expectation of observing a bevy of shawl-covered colleens acting Irish in the mist that does be on the bog, could feel a mite baffled by having his attention directed instead to the mechanized programme of the Ministry of Agriculture. The San Diegan great-grandson of the original Flanagan emigrants from County Kerry, possibly prepared to spend a few dollars for the privilege of seeing a typical ould Oirish peasant begorrahing his pig round the Isle of Innisfree, may deem himself hoaxed on being introduced to the manager of the latest thing in bacon factories.

The underground tussle between those who wanted An Tostal to show the world the face of modern Ireland, and those who favoured pushing factories and tractors into the wings and letting rip with some sure-fire harps and leprechauns and

pishogues, seems to have concluded in a draw. In the end, pretty well everything got into the picture—including a tiny little riot in Dublin on the opening day, deeply gratifying to those who know that the wild Irish just simply *love* fighting.

The souvenir industry was one which managed successfully to harness legend to the car of modern industry and make a reasonably good thing out of it for the local business man. It is known that in 1939, rather more than 63 per cent of the souvenirs of Ireland sold anywhere from Dundalk to Skibbereen were manufactured by underpaid toilers in Yokohama, where they turned out a nice line in green-coated Paddys with shillelaghs—Honourable Playboys of Western World. On the present occasion, steps were taken to ensure that souvenirs privileged to be stamped with the official An Tostal harp were efficiently produced in Irish workshops, by Irish workmen, with exclusively Irish materials.

(There was, it is true, a mild

scandal over the discovery that a number of tricolour Irish flags on sale in Dublin for An Tostal had been made in England.)

The controversy over the glories and defects of An Tostal will long continue. The proper thing to do is to assume that everyone is dead right.

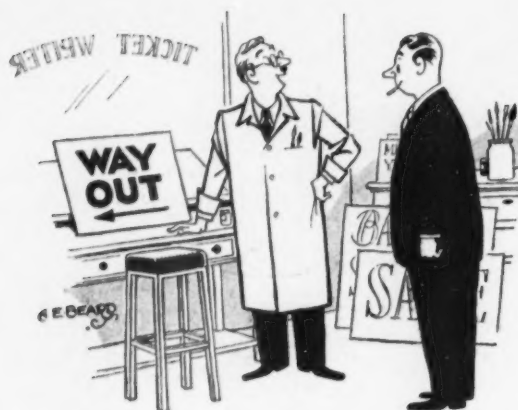
It is also prudent, because if you take a critical view of An Tostal, several thousand people are going to consider you an insensitive and traitorous clod, out to wreck the Irish tourist trade—paid to do it by the Swiss, as like as not. If your view is uncritical, the same thousands will not hesitate to point out that you are a credulous oaf, and—as like as not—secretly in the pay of the Irish Tourist Board.

JAMES HELVICK

Bored? Listless? Feel Life has Gone Flat?

"To GET A SURPRISE...  
Try Preserving Eucalyptus Leaves"  
Daily Telegraph





"I've got one in this year's Academy."

### STILL MORE INTOLERABLE

WELL, in a few months it will be ten years since I first wrote about my irascible friend Amos Intolerable, though it must be at least twenty years since I first met him. The little circle that congregates intermittently at his table in one of the smallest Private Bars in the City has shifted and changed to a certain extent, but several of us are still going strong; not, I would say, as strong as he is going, but fairly strong. He still brings in packs of manuscript which he says are books he is working on, and I believe an article of his sometimes appears in one of the weeklies, but I very much doubt whether he can be said to be living by his pen. What he is living by is a mystery we sometimes guardedly discuss before he comes in, and after he has gone out, but we haven't reached a likely conclusion. It might be blackmail perhaps; I'm sure he hopes we think it is blackmail. On the other hand if it were blackmail he would surely have plenty of money; what he seems to have is just enough. He always makes a point of getting his round in early, before people have begun to move on from long drinks to short.

"There is no way of indicating in print," he observed the other evening, "that a sound is to be made on an indrawn breath. I have been told, though I never noticed it when I was there myself, that the Cornish affirmative, the syllable Kipling spelt *iss*—"

"That was Devon," somebody said.

"I daresay it was—that that sound is made on an inhalation, like the disgusted gasp for oxygen one gives on reading a poem by Mr. —; but there's no way of spelling it to convey that. I have often thought," said Amos in a low voice, "that that may be why Mr. — gets so few reviews."

We were surprised that he should have allowed his

voice to sink, until we looked round and observed that Mr. —, who uses this pub from time to time, was not within earshot after all.

Amos's powers of mimicry I have mentioned before: he will often illustrate some anecdote with a ribald imitation. Very occasionally too he likes to put on a more elaborate performance, lasting several minutes, complete with such things as the hat on back to front and the flung toga improvised from somebody else's raincoat. Recently he wanted to act out some kind of episode needing still more preparation off-stage, and it irked him that the tiny bar offered no facilities for this short of the adjoining Saloon (which was crammed with people who would have hampered his activities, as well as being plainly visible to us all in the mirror) or the street outside (which was wet). He investigated both, but then sadly gave up the whole idea.

"Oh," he said, sitting down again—"Oh for the wings of a Drury Lane!"

He once told us what he called the type of reviewing he was best at. We might have guessed what it was, I suppose: certainly it must be one of the kinds most irritating to an author.

"It is," said Amos, "the type that depends on—that consists almost entirely of—picking out and quoting separately the items, from the epigram to the purple patch, that the author, after thinking of them separately himself, devoted months and years of labour to embedding in his work in places where they might seem to have arisen naturally."

"Every wild goose chase I have ever been reported to be on," said Amos, with the least sufferable air of complacency I had ever seen even on him (which is saying a good deal), "my geese have turned out to be swans."

He sat back, sinking his chin into his neck and looking round with bright eyes; but nobody took the subject further in what he considered an adequately respectful way. On the contrary, a former R.A.F. group captain who sometimes joins our little circle, a man whose bonhomie (like, for that matter, anybody's bonhomie) always arouses Amos's resentment, was so far lost to the spirit of the occasion as to splash in with the cheerful and irrelevant comment "Wild geese make a hell of a row, I always think."

Shortly afterwards this man left, before Amos had been able to give obvious signs of his displeasure. But later in the evening it happened that the cheery group captain was being described for the benefit of a newcomer who didn't know him. After the rest of us had sketched his appearance and disposition Amos observed acidly, looking away, "He likes to be known as 'Groupy'—apparently unaware that to many people the word is irresistibly reminiscent of a disease of chickens."

RICHARD MALLETT



## SPRINGS

THE iron was tempered by hammer and fire,  
 Drawn to wire,  
 Coiled and set, hardened to take the strain  
 Of compression, and recoil again.  
 A gossamer twist  
 Spun with the fineness of a hair:  
 Or red-hot coiled on the mandrel  
 From steel thick as a wrist  
 By sweating workers, deft  
 At their metal craft, these things  
 Are fashioned: the weft  
 To the warp of the iron age. There are simple springs  
 To jerk a fuzzy-haired Jack from his box,  
 To tauten the limbs of a doll:  
 Flat springs in gramophones, clocks;

And great springs, steering-gear buffer-springs,  
 Take the strain when the *Queen Mary* swings  
 To an Atlantic roll.

At shining windows in every street  
 Little net curtains hang trimly neat,  
 Frilled and flounced, chequered and spotted,  
 Tidily slotted  
 On an elastic, slender strength  
 Spewed by a machine and sold by the length.

Springs: in a 'plane, in a bomb, in a gun,  
 In the laboratory balance, where scientists plan  
 Perfection for man,  
 The spring: a store of power in a little space.

But the primitive hunter could not know—  
 Engrossed in his chase—  
 The fraction of this when he sprung the first bow.  
 HILDA BODEN

## HOW TO GET ON WITH NOVELISTS

**N**O one feels the least embarrassment when presented to doctors or barristers or stockbrokers. Yet the words "Have you met Mr. X?" The *novelist*, you know," still cause a few people slight confusion. This confusion is quite unjustified. Nothing is easier than to get on with novelists if you master a few simple rules.

Should you not merely recognize the writer's name but have actually read one of his works, the opening is child's play. "Of course, it's years since I read *Poodle in My Lap*. Actually I was still at school, so you can guess how long ago that was. But I simply *adored* it, though I daresay I wasn't awfully critical then. *When* are you going to write another novel?"

The author will probably reply

that he has published six novels since *Poodle in My Lap*. Clasp your hands and cry: "But how marvellous! Isn't it *extraordinary*, I never heard of them? I shall go to my special girl at the library tomorrow and *insist* on her digging them up for me. I'll tell her I've met you and that'll remind her of your name. People often ask her to recommend them something to read."

If two novelists have the same surname and you are not quite sure which Mr. Puce you are talking to, do not get into a panic. Calmly ask him whether he is Peter or Paul and, whichever he answers, exclaim: "Ah for *me*, you're *the* Mr. Puce! I don't care *what* the rest of the world thinks." If he is Peter, commiserate with him on never having had any

of his books turned into films and ask him how many thousands of dollars Paul got for the movie rights of *Silver Beetle*.

If he is Paul, be careful not to embarrass him by referring to the novel on which the picture was based. Congratulate him on the cast and assure him that, with Semolina Glacia and Cosh Brannigan in the star parts, people will flock to see it no matter what the story is. Then pay him the exquisite compliment of taking him into your confidence and telling him how you have always secretly longed to get into films.

Do not be disconcerted even if he turns out to be that tricky third Mr. Puce who is only known by initials. Wing your way straight to his heart with an arch little scream.



"Methinks that open-fire cooking is a bit primitive."



"Aha! . . . You can't catch *me* out! I'm not one of the vulgar herd who think there are only *two* Puces!"

If the name is unfamiliar, it is wiser to stick to eager, intelligent questions. Writers are like children. You can win their trust and affection at once by entering imaginatively into their little world. Here are a dozen well-tried favourites which will not only put them at their ease but convince them that you really understand them.

(1) Does it just *come* to you or do you sometimes have to *think*?

(2) Do you still have to write it all out or have you got to the stage where you can do it straight on to the typewriter?

(3) Do you think of a title first and then make up a plot to fit it, or the other way round?

(4) Do tell me whatever gave you the *idea* that you could write novels?

(5) I know everyone's supposed to be able to write *one* novel. But how on earth do you go on and on?

(6) Do you realize how lucky you are? Not having to *work* for a living, I mean.

(7) I expect your *first* thought is always "Would it make a film?", isn't it?

(8) Do you have to *pay* to get a novel reviewed? Or is it done for nothing when you're well enough known?

(9) Still keeping up your writing?

(10) Do you do it every day or only when you're inspired?

(11) Shall I tell you something extraordinary that happened to a friend of mine? It might give you a plot for your next novel.

(12) Would you mind telling me your name again? Think how furious I'd be if you became famous and I never realized I'd met you!

Should you be, as you almost certainly are, dying to ask Question 13, do not make the fatal mistake of introducing it too early in the conversation. Question 13 refers, of course, to that manuscript you've got tucked away somewhere; that little impression of spring you just put down, like that, out of the blue or that half-finished novel (*rather*

autobiographical, you're afraid) that you might *somehow* find time to finish if you got *real* encouragement. Naturally, you only mention Question 13 to safely established novelists, since it is the most delicate incense you can offer and deeply esteemed and appreciated.

When he consents, as he will with almost pathetic eagerness, to give his professional opinion of your work, there are one or two little points of etiquette you must be careful to observe. Do not forget to mention that you are willing to go to the expense of having it typed when he has read it (your writing isn't

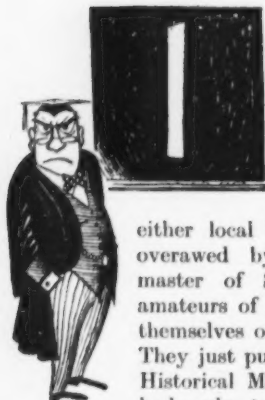
"Why, you're looking better already!"



really difficult once one gets used to it) if he will give you a *personal* recommendation to a *good* publisher. And, however bulky the manuscript, on no account enclose stamps for its return. Nothing is so wounding to an author's sensibility.

Also, owing to the uncertainty of parcel posts, it is wise to wait a full three days before ringing him up the first time to know what he thinks of the contents of the parcel. After a mere half-dozen chatty telephone calls, you will be wondering why *anyone* ever imagined it was difficult to get on with novelists.

ANTONIA WHITE

*The Educational Ladder***BRIEF REIGN AT COLEBROOK GRAMMAR SCHOOL**

**I**HAD already made a good impression on Sir John Grode, the Chairman of the Governing Body, in my previous post, and the other Governors were either local business men, rather overawed by the Deputy-Headmaster of St. Willoughby's, or amateurs of education who prided themselves on keeping up to date. They just purred over my Schools' Historical Models Competition. I had only two serious rivals. I lunched with one and discovered that he had no Scouting experience.

Of course, at the interview I stressed the vital importance of Scouting experience in a Headmaster. The other was an aggressive contrary person whom I met on the train. I told him that the job had been "fixed" and that I was applying merely to get practice in making a good impression at interviews. When I said I was prepared to "crawl" he went red in the face and said his own approach would be very different.

My predecessor was worn out with office work and had let things just tick over gently. A more spectacular programme will, therefore, be immediately noticeable, while arrears of paper work will show only gradually. I intend to gain the reputation of being a "live wire" as fast as I can and then move up to somewhere like Fullborough or Mordingsea. My first formal engagement was the Parents' Reception. Grode spoke very pompously, in a style that belongs to the past of my school, not the future. I made a short speech on the lines of "We must not hide our light under a bushel. Harrow was once a local Grammar School. Let us be ambitious." Somebody named Poop welcomed me on behalf of the staff and promised "their loyal co-operation to Mr. Haywood." I fancy that I am quite capable of ensuring co-operation by my own methods.

The first staff meeting today. Poor material. Some feeble opposition to my proposal for having an enormous number of Dramatic Societies. I want the boys to be either working to provide me with good examination results or taking part in school activities that attract notice. Allowing two years for my stay here, I can easily see which forms the actors can come from without immediately affecting academic results.

Gooseby, the Senior Maths man, dared to remark that rehearsals might break into time that should

be devoted to study. I shouted at him that by raising the standard of class-room teaching, time could be made for both. Pity that it is so high in Gooseby's subject. However, I can get at him through his son, who is a prefect here.

The School Chapel can be worked up. I have told the Chaplain to organize a Guild of Masters' Wives to embroider hassocks, etc. I am also working up a connection with the Old Parish Church; the Rector will become an Honorary Chaplain and we shall have two or



*"It's not worth fitting a suppressor: one's never driving and viewing at the same time."*

three services there a term, with a procession through the streets. Grode is Chairman of the Watch Committee so there will be no objection from the police. The School Office handles the Historical Models Competition. I do not quite like to drop it in case some other man takes it over and develops it further, but I want to concentrate on my book, *Christian Politics for Sixth Forms*. The better schools like an amateur theologian with some grasp of social issues. I find it hard going, as it is not safe to work from fewer than a dozen books.

My strongest asset on the teaching side is Walpham, who has scored several University scholarships and also gets good reports for the Corps. He had the impertinence to tell me he wished to apply for a better post. I told him that his first duty was towards the boys who had been entrusted to his care, not towards his career. When he persisted, and even asked for a

testimonial, I was able to quote the words of an eminent member of the Headmasters' Conference: "It is not what I write on the testimonial that matters, it is what I say on the telephone when another Headmaster rings me up."

Absurd fuss with the B.B.C. about transferring the booking I made for the St. Willoughby's Scouts to the Colebrook Grammar Troop. Have found that Abb, the Master in charge of it, has used the school telephone for betting. After an enjoyable scene, I withdrew his summary dismissal on condition he added the work of Assistant Organizer of the Schools' Historical Models Competition to his other work. A good solution of my difficulty, as I can be certain he will not prove any kind of rival to me in the future.

Have managed to get more and more lecturing, and was recently on a radio Brains Trust—only a

Region, but a beginning. The book is going better since I began to make the Sixth Form hold discussions and introduced passages from their speeches as illustrations of the religious and other opinions of the contemporary young. Have managed to get one or two articles into print; Abb's "devilling" must be more effective than it looks.

Fullborough is vacant. The Chairman of the Governors is Lord Barbican, some kind of financial rival of Grode's. I have suddenly resigned, saying that I refuse to speak ill of another but cannot continue with Grode as my Chairman, a man whose outlook is so completely contrary to everything that I am trying to instil into my pupils. "Principles must come first" is my line. Grode's credit is badly shaken before he has time for a come-back, and Barbican, I have learned, is delighted. Now for the other Fullborough Governors.

R. G. G. PRICE

## A WORCESTERSHIRE LAD

April 29, 30, May 1—Worcestershire v. Australians, at Worcester

UP, lad! now the April day  
Trembles on the verge of May,  
And the new-mown wicket lies  
Smooth beneath the sunlit skies;

Shadowed by familiar trees  
Watch the far Antipodes;  
Undismayed, by Severn shore  
Count the ever-changing score.

They'll not falter, lads we know,  
Matched against the friendly foe:  
Drink your ale, man; they will stand  
Straight of eye and firm of hand,

While the shade and falling chime  
Mark the gradual foot of Time,  
Till the immemorial tower  
Strikes the last and lightless hour.

Who to-day this field defend  
Begin what other lads shall end:  
Luck and joy go with them still,  
Win or lose, in good or ill.

G. H. VALLINS





# IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

Monday, April 20

The newspapers at the week-end had been full of vivid and lurid advance write-ups of the gigantic and colossal attraction to be offered in the House of Commons to-night, when Brahmin Bull BEVAN was to meet Battling BUTLER for a purse of—well, whatever the Budget total is this year.

A one-round contest between Mr. CHURCHILL (as he then was) and Dr. DALTON had first to be settled. Over the week-end, Mr. CHURCHILL had addressed the Scottish Tories over the Budget, and Dr. DALTON felt his opponent should know what his reactions were.

"Before," said Dr. DALTON, solemnly, "I begin my public duty of debunking this Budget, I wish to refer to something the Prime Minister said. The Prime Minister referred to Mr. GAITSKELL as 'this old-school-tie careerist...'"

Mr. CHURCHILL rose. As if with reluctance, he cried: "I have been mis-reported!" He waited for the cheers and groans to end. "I said 'This old-school-tie LEFT WING careerist...'"

A burst of laughter and cheering that almost lifted the roof—and in which Mr. GAITSKELL joined heartily—held up the proceedings for some time, and then Dr. DALTON set the loudspeakers rattling by denouncing Mr. CHURCHILL as the very prince of old-school-tie careerists, moving from Party to Party as ambition dictated. He saved the full fury of his Old Etonian scorn for the particular brand of tie Mr. CHURCHILL was entitled to wear: "Har-ro-vian." (He said the word slowly, with infinite loathing; Wykehamist GAITSKELL's lips curled scornfully too.)

Soon the main event began, and Mr. BEVAN was up with the traditional handshake in the form of thanks to the Chancellor for doing something to help authors by easing their tax burdens.

This took two minutes, and then he announced that he had just said

the last friendly thing he intended to say about the Chancellor. But, to the obvious dismay of the crowd behind, he landed few telling punches. One or two swings missed altogether—such as his likening John Bull to a "sugar daddy" of the U.S.A., because the Government is buying a million tons of

end of the much-advertised combat. Mr. CHURCHILL earlier supported with marked warmth President Eisenhower's plan for world settlement, and seemed to administer a brisk, if oblique, "slapping-down" to Mr. John Foster Dulles for issuing premature "hurry-up" warnings to the Soviet Government.



sugar from Cuba while receiving some U.S. aid in building up defensive arms.

When Mr. BEVAN ended with the words: "The Chancellor has dimly failed to live up to the opportunities he has had," there was a derisive cheer from the Government side, in the midst of which Mr. BUTLER stepped into the ring, unostentatiously slipping a couple of Central Office horse-shoes into his gloves as he did so.

The speech consisted mainly of refutations of Opposition charges, with some effective points of the "Why didn't you..." variety. The talk from the benches opposite was "hollow political buffoonery" with Mr. BEVAN "barking up the wrong tree"—surely a remarkable performance for one who had just been described by the Chancellor as a "Brahmin Bull," fresh from the East—a reference to Mr. BEVAN's visit to India. And that was the

Patience, not haste, said the P.M. pointedly, should be the watchword, for the chance of world settlement was a priceless and magnificent one.

Tuesday, April 21

That other Old Faithful, the Transport Bill, returned to the Commons and there was a long, long argument over amendments made in the Lords, and amendments to those amendments. The Minister, Mr. LENNOX-BOYD, showed no sign of wishing to meet Mr. CALLAGHAN (Mr. Jim CALLAGHAN, the Opposition's chief transport expert), and so the discussion went on, with only the select band of experts bothering to attend, save when the division bells sounded the alert.

The sitting lasted until eight a.m. — 17½ hours. Around three o'clock, Mr. GEORGE THOMAS, from an Opposition bench, said: "The

general public all believe we are a silly lot of people." No comment.

### Wednesday, April 22

"The general public" would not have been induced drastically to change their minds had they been present in the House to-day, for hours were spent debating things which had already been discussed at wearisome length. More than two hours went on a discussion which Opposition Members kept saying "involved the personal honour" of Mr. LENNOX-BOYD, the Transport Minister, but which did not seem to perturb him at all. It seemed that he had failed, in the long debate, to say specifically that he *did* approve it, and Mr. HERBERT MORRISON then got his "personal honour" involved when he wanted to drop a hostile motion and some of his followers did not. In the end, the whole thing was called off, and the House turned to the Transport Bill.

But before then, the Opposition had sat silent while the formal resolutions giving effect to the Budget plans were passed with a series of bellowed "Ayes!" any Brahmin bull might have envied.

And this sitting lasted until 1.40 a.m., with a blazing row (starring Mr. CHURCHILL) at 1 o'clock. There

was fortissimo talk of "filthy charges" and much bad-tempered repudiation of agreements reached earlier.

### Thursday, April 23

Still in a highly-liverish state, the Commons began yet another day's discussion of the Transport Bill, which the Prime Minister, with the air of a stern Nanny ordering the consumption of unwanted rice-pudding, had said "would be completed this

House of Commons:  
Chaos (contd.)



week." As reprisal, Mr. MORRISON cancelled all pairing. And everybody went around muttering: "Well if *that's* how you want it . . ."

The battle went on with mounting fury until 2.30 a.m. But it was announced that the Transport Bill was to pass—under a guillotine—by 10 p.m. on Monday; and the guillotine was itself to be under a

guillotine. The Opposition used phrases like "constitutional outrage."

### Friday, April 24

Jaded Members discussed Private

Members' Bills, but their hearts were not in the business—even the few hearts in attendance.

GUY EDEN

### SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS: AN EXPLANATION

We are distressed to learn that by a somewhat strained construction of certain language used in our article about Sir Hartley Shawcross certain implications might be made which would be damaging to him. We very greatly regret this. Our article was intended to be a good-humoured satire, and when we said that nobody could doubt Sir Hartley's political sincerity, we meant what we said.

Sir Hartley is the Chairman of the General Council of the Bar of England, and in that capacity has the duty of maintaining the highest standards of conduct throughout the profession. With this in mind, we desire to make it abundantly clear that the last thing we would wish to do would be to cast the least doubt upon his political or professional integrity, and to add with complete sincerity that it was never our intention to do so.



## MORE TO COME



The exchange of sick and wounded prisoners began at Panmunjom on April 20 at 8.55 a.m., when the first group of United Nations men were handed over.





## BOOKING OFFICE CLAUDINE AT 80

Madame Colette: A Provincial in Paris. Margaret Crosland. Peter Owen, 15/-

**M**ADAME COLETTE, now an octogenarian, has a very special position in contemporary French literature. She has written some fifty books, mostly novels about love, often her own experiences thinly disguised. They begin with the publication, in 1900, of *Claudine à l'Ecole*, which reveals the heart of a schoolgirl, while *Chéri* (1920) might be said to complete the circle, emotionally speaking, with its account of the uneasy love between a gigolo of twenty-five and a demi-montaine of forty-nine. The style is economical, sardonic, and yet tender. Colette has a great following. She has become a French institution, like the Eiffel Tower or the Folies Bergère.

Miss Margaret Crosland's study possesses all the charm of biography written without a vestige of humour. It is rather like a governess taking a party of very stupid young people round Paris, determined that by the end of the day they should all know at least something of the facts of life, and how tactfully the French handle such matters. This does not prevent the narrative from being lively and on the whole interesting, though at times a little silly.

"It is obvious" writes Miss Crosland, "that Colette can never be popular with readers who demand only ideas from the novels they read, that is, ideas with a formal intellectual content; it is just as obvious that she will be a great

failure with those who do not understand, or do not want to understand, the existence and importance of insight and perception."

This certainly puts everyone who does not like Colette's books into a most unenviable category of novel reader; and, in order to make my own position clear, I will say at once that Colette seems to me a very good writer indeed; but at the same time I cannot understand the almost hysterical praise that her admirers lavish on her. She has something subtle and feminine to say, which she transmits in an almost masculine manner. She has had an influence on the writing of Mr. Somerset Maugham. However, we are not here concerned prim-

arily with her books, but with her life. It is a career worth examining from all kinds of angles.

Colette (her maiden surname) is the daughter of a captain of Zouaves who lost a leg in the French campaign in Italy in 1859. Her mother, described by Miss Crosland as "literally an angel in the house," was also an octogenarian. The family lived on the western borders of Burgundy. When she was twenty Colette married Henri Gauthier-Villars, better known as the writer "Willy." This union came about through a series of odd chances (the Colette parents were decidedly eccentric), and Colette and her fiancé were engaged for two years.

"Willy" is a fascinating, if not very estimable, figure. He perfected the art of collaborating in light, readable novels, written deliberately near the knuckle, but often witty and well observed. Impoverished literary men did most of the work,

under his expert guidance. Guillaume Apollinaire, in one of his letters, speaks highly of him as a writer and also describes how "Willy" managed to travel to Düsseldorf in the middle of the first world war to see a play there! At first her husband did not recognize Colette's talent in her notebooks of school experience; but suddenly her gift dawned on him. *Claudine à l'Ecole* was the result.

Colette remained married to "Willy" for thirteen years. Most of the aspects of their association have been fully analyzed in her books. It was a meeting of two giant egotisms. In the end "Willy" went under; but he left his mark. On her divorce Colette embarked successfully on the music-hall stage; no small achievement at the age of thirty-three. She married again in 1912. This time it was Henri de Jouvenel, subsequently editor of *Le Matin*, senator, minister, representative of France at the League of Nations, and High Commissioner in Syria. They were divorced in 1925. Once more, after thirteen years of married life, Colette went on the stage—this time at the age of fifty-two. In 1935 she married Maurice Goudekot, "a man of great charm, who carries out his difficult rôle with perfect sureness and ease . . ." She lives in the Palais Royal, surrounded by cats and other pets, her literary vitality scarcely at all impaired by the years.

"There is still an amateurish air about a great number of English books, and the same applies to films," writes Miss Crosland, severely. "It is bound to happen in a country where serious attention is given to cricket; the nice things are so much more pleasant to talk about than what may have happened in the woodshed, which is fascinating, but simply not mentioned in public." But surely, when it comes to the point, this biography has itself a decided



tendency to be "nice." Certainly it possesses none of that savage insight with which the French themselves overwhelm their favourite public figures (Colette amongst the rest) in journalism and caricature. Nevertheless, it is enjoyable to read of a life at once so adventurous and so gifted.

ANTHONY POWELL

### The American Brown

**As They Appear.** John Mason Brown. *Hamish Hamilton*, 12/6

The impression often met in this country that to get anywhere in America a critic must fill his fountain-pen with vitriol and his idlest line with grape-shot finds its answer in Mr. John Mason Brown. One of America's very best dramatic critics, he writes with fairness and unflinching good manners. He combines wit with humility, erudition with a healthy distrust of highbrow obscurity. He is among those rare and graceful essayists who can satisfy the most fastidious while sympathizing with the innocent pleasures of the ordinary man, and he sees criticism not as a simple matter of black or white but as a difficult cross-hatching of "Yes's" and "No's." He may carry the kick of a mule, but it is reserved for big occasions, and the mule is shod with velvet.

His weekly contributions to *The Saturday Review* are mainly about the current theatre, but books and general subjects are included. In the latest collection there is a telling description of Dr. Edith Sitwell's rendering of *Macbeth* in New York, when "no incense was burned, yet the scent of it seemed to hang heavy in the air," and the poetess, wearing a turban and a kind of brocade tent, "moved through the darkened auditorium like a priestess approaching a pagan altar." Mr. Brown reports sadly that after this portentous opening her recital was "all boom and incantation, less designed for dialogue than for a Gregorian chant."

He has a good deal to say about poetic drama, summing up with penetration the difference in method of Christopher Fry and T. S. Eliot. For the theory that on the stage poetry should not call attention to itself as poetry the latter does not escape lightly. There are three discerning essays on Shaw, one on Mr. Brown's declining interest in Disney, whose humans he finds "vacant lots," and another on Tennessee Williams's strange blend of futility and imagination. Written at the time, the tribute to Gertrude Lawrence's dazzling performance in *The King and I* makes poignant reading.

The sting and felicity of his phrases cannot quite disguise the fact that at heart he is a deeply serious writer, as becomes evident in his

essay on the plight of the artist in Soviet Russia. His despair at the vulgarity of comics leads him, although a good American, to believe "they offer final and melancholy proof that, even among the young, the mind is the most unused muscle in the United States."

Of no country which produced Mr. Brown could this really be considered true.

ERIC KEOWN

**The Broken Penny.** Julian Symons. *Gollancz*, 9/6

At least Mr. Symons gives us characters outside the familiar range of the thriller-writer's card-index, but perhaps he overdoes things by making his hero a night-watchman. True, Charles Garden had had earlier experience of the muddy undertow of European political strife before being plucked from his night-watchman's cubby-hole (supposedly on Foreign Office orders) and plunged anew into the tangled affairs of an anonymous Power. But all that nightwork had slowed him up. No thriller hero can afford to be so consistently bested by circumstances.

In its early chapters the tale compels attention by its odd flavour of awryness in its people and their behaviour. All is piquantly off centre. But when the betrayals and assassinations are spent, and the bluffs and double-bluffs unravelled, the reader is left a little cold, a little perplexed and a little suspicious of having been done.

J. D. B.

**The Tatler.** Sir Richard Steele. Edited by Lewis Gibbs. Everyman's Library. *Dent*, 6/-

Queen Anne may be dead, but some of her subjects remain vivacious in the pages of Steele's *Tatler*. There one may find them still parading with

their clouded canes and red heels, in a world where "many a lady has fetched a sigh at the toss of a wig, and been ruined by the tapping of a snuff-box." Malplaquet is the topic in coffee-houses, Marlborough and Prince Eugène make headlines, and Mr. Bickerstaff, addressing plain words to the powers that be, writes an open letter to Louis XIV.

*The Tatler* brings us a frivolous, momentous and decorative reflection; yet though we see it in an eighteenth-century mirror, it is not entirely unfamiliar: the Act of Union is but a few years old, but already Scots-Britannicus is arguing in the Press on the difference between England ("a harsh and ungrateful expression") and Great Britain. *The Tatler* ran from 1709-1711, and stopped at the height of its fame; its spirit is happily suggested, its popularity explained, by the present selection; and Mr. Punch affectionately remembers Mrs. Sarabrand, who found him a post in Wapping where he might be seen "from sunrise to sunset, with a glass in one hand, and a pipe in the other, as sentry to a brandy-shop."

J. R.

**An American in Europe.** Egon Larsen. *Rider*, 15/-

Born two centuries ago within eight miles of Harvard where a Rumford Professorship commemorates him, Benjamin Thompson successively became a British Colonel, F.R.S. at twenty-six, Under-Secretary of State in the Colonial Office a year later and in 1788, by an amazing turn of Fortune's wheel, Bavarian Minister of War and Police with quasi-dictatorial powers which he effectively used to reform the Army, abolish beggary and lay out the famous English Garden in Munich.



An English knighthood and the Imperial Countship of Rumford were his rewards for these variegated services.

Of tirelessly inquiring and inventive turn of mind into subjects so diverse as kitchen ranges ("Rumford Roaster"), gunpowder, dietetics and the nature of heat, Thompson's enduring title to fame is as founder of the Royal Institution where generations of delighted children have been initiated into the mysteries of science. Such a career could have been achieved only by a many-sided and brilliant personality of which the ghost alone fitfully appears in the staidly informative pages of Mr. Egon Larsen's pious biographical memorial.

I. D. F. M.

**The Echoing Grove.** Rosamond Lehmann. Collins, 12/6

The early novels of Miss Rosamond Lehmann contained a particular kind of romanticism, fresh, youthful and delightful, which went with a sharp and often humorous observation of human behaviour. These qualities were absent from *The Ballad and the Source*, where a note of artificiality was introduced and a heavier emphasis was laid on technique. Questions of technique are again prominent in her latest novel, *The Echoing Grove*: long, subtle, involved, full of shifting perspectives and flashbacks within flashbacks, delayed revelations and planned repetitions, it is a triumph of construction, but the straightforward lyricism and the humour of her early manner are still missing.

Miss Lehmann's remarkable sensitivity to the agonies and ecstasies of a love affair is given full play in a sustained and single-minded analysis of personal relations. Madeleine and Dinah are sisters, both in love with Rickie; Rickie, married to Madeleine, loves Dinah. This is a crude simplification of the complex central situation. This is a distinguished and original book, in which the self-conscious brilliance of the manner sometimes obscures the interest of the matter.

F. W.

**The Bank of England Note.** A. D. Mackenzie. Cambridge University Press, 15/-

This is a workmanlike account of the origins and development of the Bank of England note from the "running cashes" and accountable notes of the Goldsmith's Company, of professional interest to bankers, printers, economists (and forgers). As, however, it is in the main the exciting story of the long battle against the counterfeiter it has its appeal to the general reader; and as the author has the rare gift of explaining succinctly and clearly and

without trade jargon complex technical processes—plate and surface printing, paper-making and water-marking, lathe engraving, numbering, colour as protection against the camera—it is possible for the layman to follow the ding-dong struggle.

A detailed examination of the Bank's only remaining currency notes (the 10/-, £1 and the "fiver") with the author's explanations at hand—an examination which, by the way, the Bank considers the duty as well as the interest of every citizen—will prove how admirably the author has done his work.

J. P. T.

**The Hills Were Joyful Together.** Roger Mais. Cape, 12/6

In spite of the biblical echo of its title this book is not much concerned with religion: its scene is a slum in the West Indies, its characters the dark people who live in its shacks, their friends and enemies. Its story is crammed with violence and sex—of an animal and unsophisticated sort—and it seems to give a fairly faithful picture of the life lived in such places.

Mr. Mais, himself a Jamaican, writes very vividly, if not always very explicitly—the West Indian fashion of speech hardly helps him there—and he has the art (best gift of a fiction writer) of making his readers care very much what happens to some of his characters: but those readers sup too full of horrors. The floggings, burnings, choppings-up and runnings-over are ghastly and so numerous as to suggest that, quite soon, the slums of the West Indies will be completely empty.

B. E. S.

## AT THE PLAY

### *The Living Room* (WYNDHAM'S)



IF *The Living Room* did nothing else, it would prove that Mr. GRAHAM GREENE can turn his gifts to the theatre, and in our present grim shortage of intelligent new plays that is worth a double headline. In fact it does much more. By current standards it is a very good first play, by any, a distinguished piece of work. The familiar furniture of Mr. GREENE's mind is in evidence, but skilfully re-arranged in a dramatic pattern realistic on the surface but tolerant of imaginative overtones; in the taut dialogue there remains little trace of the larger freedoms of the novelist.

I think the first thing to say about *The Living Room* is that although Mr. GREENE is a Roman Catholic and his play concerned with adultery, its examination of sin is worked out not in terms of dogma but as a clash of the deepest human feelings. What happens to his heroine might as easily, in different circumstances, have happened to an agnostic, and this makes her position infinitely more significant. Instead of a merely sectarian message, the audience is given a demonstration of the free operation of conscience; it is left to make up its own mind on the rights and wrongs of a complex situation. Indeed, while one is grateful for it, one wonders at Mr. GREENE's restraint, for sometimes his meaning is left almost in the air. Why, for instance, does he make his crippled priest so humbly uncertain of the



*Father James Browne*—MR. ERIC PORTMAN  
*Rose Pemberton*—MISS DOROTHY TUTIN



black-and-white of conduct yet at the same time put the stricter views of orthodoxy into the mouth of a woman crazy with superstition?

I am not sure of the value of this oddity of the heroine's two aunts, who cannot live in a room where a death has taken place. Reinforced by Mr. LESLIE HURRY's brilliant set of a shabbily sinister London house, the idea establishes the kind of twisted atmosphere of which Mr. GREENE is fond, but as a result we need constantly to adjust ourselves in an effort to decide how the problems he raises would appear in a more rational circle. Sane aunts would have meant a less spectacular, but possibly a firmer, play.

The odds against the young heroine are already, goodness knows, sufficient. Coming to live with her uncle—the priest—and her aunts she has fallen wildly in love with a middle-aged man whose marriage is almost on the rocks. Prevented by the wiles of her Machiavellian aunt from running away with him, she is driven into a sordid round of afternoon visits to a shady hotel, which relatively doesn't count in the aunt's stern scale of values. The physical side of this affair is heavily emphasized, even to rather curious statistics we could have done without. The golden moment passes. The girl is disconsolate as her lover, a tender-hearted man for a lecturer in psychology, grows more conscious of the plight of his hysterical wife; until at last, having seen the other woman's misery, the heroine becomes desperate and kills herself, murmuring the prayers of her childhood. No one has been able to help her. For all his mild and reasonable advice, which was surprisingly the least effective part of the play, the broken priest has failed to rise to a supreme professional moment.

In this snuffing out of lyrical love by so many pressures there is clearly a great deal to discuss, which is one reason why the play should run a long time. Two others are Mr. PETER GLENVILLE's unobtrusive and sensitive production, and the acting. Miss DOROTHY TUTIN seems suddenly to have arrived in the very front row of our younger actresses. Most movingly, without tricks or exaggeration, she expresses the whole range of the girl's experience, from mute innocence to baffled hopelessness. Mr. JOHN ROBINSON admirably presents her lover's transformation from a Freudian mechanism into a beaten human being. The priest is played sympathetically by Mr. ERIC PORTMAN, the timid aunt endearingly by Miss MARY JERROLD, the terrible one (pathetic, really, which is beautifully brought out) by Miss VIOLET FAREBROTHER, and Miss VALERIE

TAYLOR tears herself and us to shreds in her one scene as the wretched wife.

#### Recommended

Four days left for *Murder in the Cathedral* (Old Vic) and *Waters of the Moon* (Haymarket). Just for fun, try *Dear Charles* (New).

ERIC KEOWN



#### AT THE PICTURES

*I Confess*—Peter Pan

MANY a film directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK has begun "straight," as it were, and worked up gradually or suddenly to a climax of suspense made more forceful by contrast with the everyday circumstances and incidents that first set the tone. In his new one, *I Confess*, the suspense is not anything that can be isolated and pointed out in any particular part of the narrative: it is integral, the central situation makes it felt nearly all the time. Based on a play by PAUL ANTHELME, this picture is concerned with a priest who, after hearing the confession of a murderer, is accused of and tried for the murder himself—not being able to reveal what he heard in the confessional.

This is an interesting idea, but coincidence is a bit strained by the fact that the murdered man—apparently killed quite casually by a thief—had been blackmailing the priest and a woman, now married, to whom before entering the church he had been betrothed. This makes the plot seem artificial when one examines it, but it is not a point that is troublesome at the time; I found the whole thing gripping enough. The scene is Quebec, and the unfamiliar surroundings and the occasional quiet remark in French add a constant freshening stimulus. The final chase,

of course, has to involve a well-known landmark, so the fleeing murderer chooses to lead his pursuers all over the Château Frontenac; it might really be almost any big hotel, but the knowledge that it is the real thing does somehow add a fillip to the familiar charging about.

MONTGOMERY CLIFT as the tormented priest and ANNE BAXTER as his early love both do well, O. E. HASSE contributes a memorably unpleasant portrait of the murderer, and KARL MALDEN is excellent as the pertinacious detective. "Hitchcock tricks" are few but efficacious: an unexpected angle, a back-of-head close-up at some moment of tension. Without being anything special, the piece is a good, sound, well-done melodrama.

Not having any strong feelings about the original, I am inclined to say mildly that WALT DISNEY's *Peter Pan* is just average Disney. I agree that from one point of view it is a monument of misguided ingenuity, but I suppose plenty of people will like it—though most of them will be Americans, for a vast number of older-generation English will find it hard to swallow a Peter Pan whose rallying cry is "O'mahn, every-buddy" and who cuts among the squealing mermaids the figure of a sort of high-school Casanova. Indeed, what might almost be called sexual jealousy plays a considerable part in this odd version of the story: Tinker Bell, a miniature cutie worried by the size of her hips, first sulks about the presence of Wendy and then behaves like a woman scorned because of Peter's attentions to the daughter of the Red Indian chief. Another point that would hardly appeal to BARRIE is the violence of the usual Disney slapstick. Still, the thing is full of colour and fun and simple music of the usual



[I Confess]

Inspector Larrue  
KARL MALDEN

Father Michael  
MONTGOMERY CLIFT

Sergeant Michael  
MONTGOMERY CLIFT

Ruth Grandfort  
ANNE BAXTER

kind and will undoubtedly be pretty popular, even over here.

What should appeal to almost everybody is the half-hour Disney documentary with it, *Nature's Half Acre* (Director: JAMES ALGAR), which ingeniously and amusingly synchronizes music with fascinating, very bright colour pictures of birds, insects and plants. Nothing mars this but a roguishly whimsical commentary.

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Another new one in London is *Journal d'un Curé de Campagne*, advertised as *Diary of a Country Priest* (Director: ROBERT BRESSON), a slow, dark, difficult, sad, extraordinarily compelling version of the Georges Bernanos novel, magnificently done; though it's arguable that using an off-screen English voice for the priest's thoughts, while French dialogue is retained for direct action, splits the character into two.

*Le Plaisir* (18/2/53) and *Les Belles de Nuit* (8/4/53) continue, and at the National Film Theatre, in the first of a Hitchcock series, is *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, still brilliantly entertaining after nineteen years.

The only release I would mention is *The Cruel Sea* (8/4/53): well done, but in effect the usual sort of naval-war picture on a bigger scale.

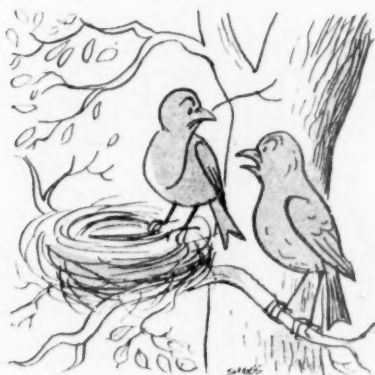
RICHARD MALLETT



#### ON THE AIR

Hearty Kaleidoscope

THE latest edition of Kaleidoscope, "An Entertainment Magazine," was pure monkey gland. Such heartiness! Such hilarity! This programme has improved markedly in recent months, though it is still marred by excessive archness and



"I heard my first cuckoo this morning."



"One assumes that Ramsbotham is off to the Cup Final."

strange lapses from pleasant ingenuousness into tasteless preciousness. There is too much pre-war bohemianism for my liking, too much floor-squatting, covert frisking (to coin an adjective) allusion, cocktailing and hat-swapping. Perhaps it is still considered smart in some quarters for three or four people to eat crêpe suzette (cooked in the studio) from the same fork, but I doubt it.

Ronnie Waldman's "Puzzle Corner" is the best thing in the show. The problems are posed expertly and at speed and all of them are pictorially interesting. Waldman himself is an expert (as he should be by now) in this business of popping the question, and his homely chats by telephone with viewer competitors ("Viewers who live in — are invited to place this issue of the *Radio Times* in their windows by noon to-day if they wish to offer themselves as the competitor in to-night's 'Puzzle Corner'") are always conducted with ease and a surprising and very welcome lack of fuss.

Good marks, too, for the choreographer, Alan Carter, who has managed to pep up the dance team into a nimble and exciting combination. The harlequinade danced to what I think was a Stan Kenton number would have done credit to an avowed Hollywood musical, and that—for a single performance show—is saying something.

Also in good form was Miss Lind Joyce, an old trouper of the celebrated "Itma" team, who sings pleasantly and avoids most of the facial contortions of the modern crooner.

For some reason or other this Kaleidoscope cannot get along without a dollop or two of heartache, and I now shudder violently whenever

the grin disappears from McDonald Hobley's friendly features and is replaced by lines and furrows of appalling anxiety. "From comedy we now turn . . ." And a more piffling interlude of drama than *The Play is Murder* it would be difficult to imagine. Unhappily we are promised more of these strange cases.

But I will forgive TV everything now that it has given me my first view of the Australians. I was right there, behind the nets at the M.C.C. indoor cricket school at Alexandra Palace when Lindwall and Miller opened their barrage. Considering that it was my first knock of the season I reckon that I acquitted myself, as they say, admirably. I demonstrated—fairly convincingly I hope—that bumpers can be hooked with only a trifling loss of coffee and a scattering of crumbs in the direction of the book-case.

I kept wicket pretty well too.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

#### PUNCH EXHIBITION IN U.S.

THE Exhibition of original drawings from *Punch* which has lately been on view in New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago will be at the CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURGH, from May 14 to June 14 (except May 30).

The times of opening are:

Monday, Wednesday to Saturday

10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Tuesday, May 19 and 26

10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Tuesday, June 2 and 9

10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Sunday—2 P.M. to 5 P.M.

**F**RANK REYNOLDS, whose death at the age of seventy-seven we had regretfully to record last week, was that rarity among pictorial humorists, an exceedingly individual and original artist who was at the same time an accomplished follower of academic tradition. As a result of this rare combination, he probably exercised a much greater (even if less noticeable) influence on contemporary comic draughtsmanship than would have been the case if he had been a more obvious pioneer, with a style of drawing that offered greater opportunities to the imitator.

His work was in the naturalistic tradition laid down by Keene and du Maurier, but it was lightened and enlivened by his own completely individual touch, and his line possessed a freedom and energy which make us recognize it now as the forerunner of much of the free style drawing of to-day. He played, in fact, an important part in the transition from the comparatively tight

## FRANK REYNOLDS

naturalistic drawing of the beginning of the century (a legacy from the old wood engravings) to the freer and more fluid and very much less documented styles that

From *Punch*, November 30, 1921



OUR SUBURB.

WE USED TO HAVE TO CYCLE TO THE STATION: BUT NOW WE HAVE THE BUS.

followed. He drew with an easy mastery of the medium and great sense of style.

To the general reader, the most attractive feature of his drawings was undoubtedly their tremendous zest: whatever qualities his characters were called on to portray, they always seemed to portray them at top speed and maximum pressure—whatever they did, they did all over. Never content to

show emotion by facial expression alone, he drew backs as expressive as his fronts, and often more so.

His special studies were the suburban householder and his family, and his special subjects were cricket, golf and fishing—but nothing was really foreign to him, and a list of his, say, twelve most popular drawings would probably cover most other subjects as well (including, of course, the Prussian family). In addition to his black-and-white work, Frank Reynolds was an accomplished water-colourist; in fact, some of his most important contributions to *Punch* were series

of colour drawings in special numbers.

As Art Editor, he was a stern critic but a very kindly counsellor, and many humorous artists now practising with success owe a great deal to his wise help and generous encouragement. He was a delightful companion, a charming mixture of enthusiasm about other people's work and diffidence concerning his own.

KENNETH BIRD



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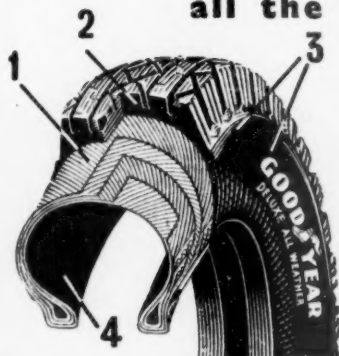
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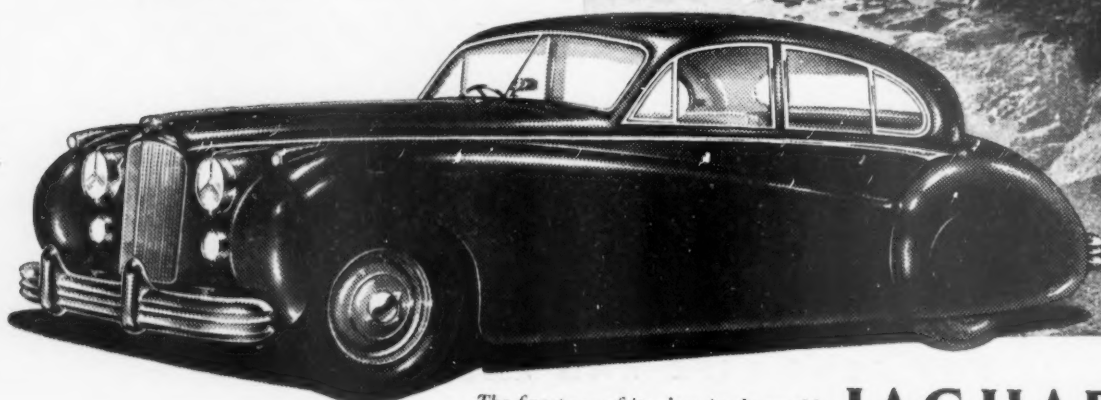
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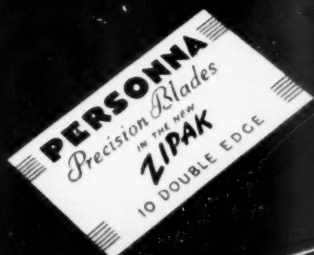
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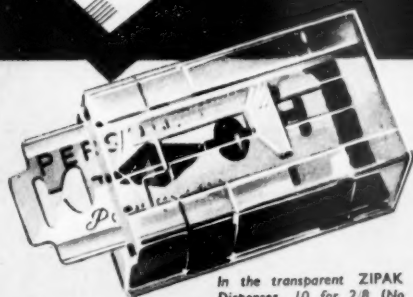


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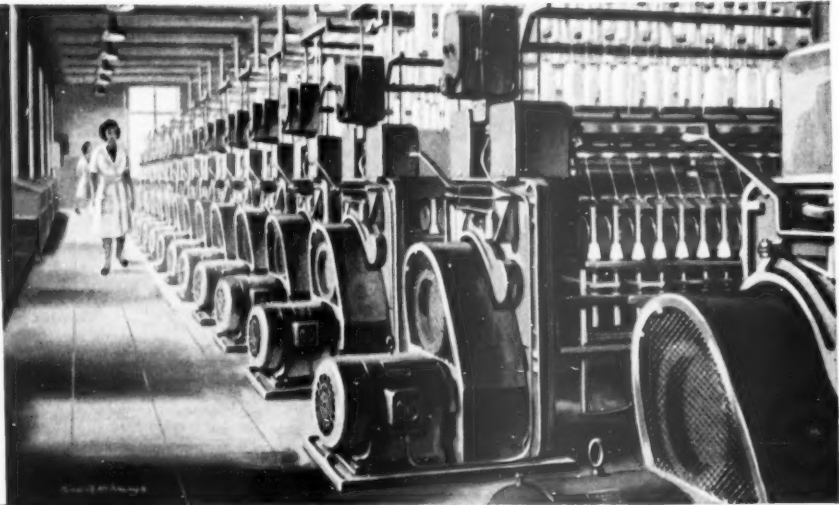
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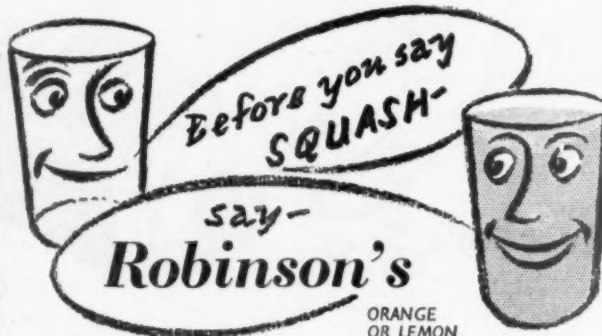
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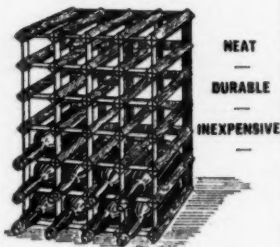
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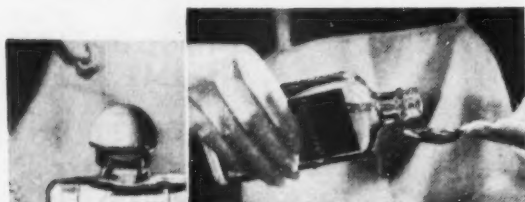
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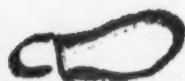
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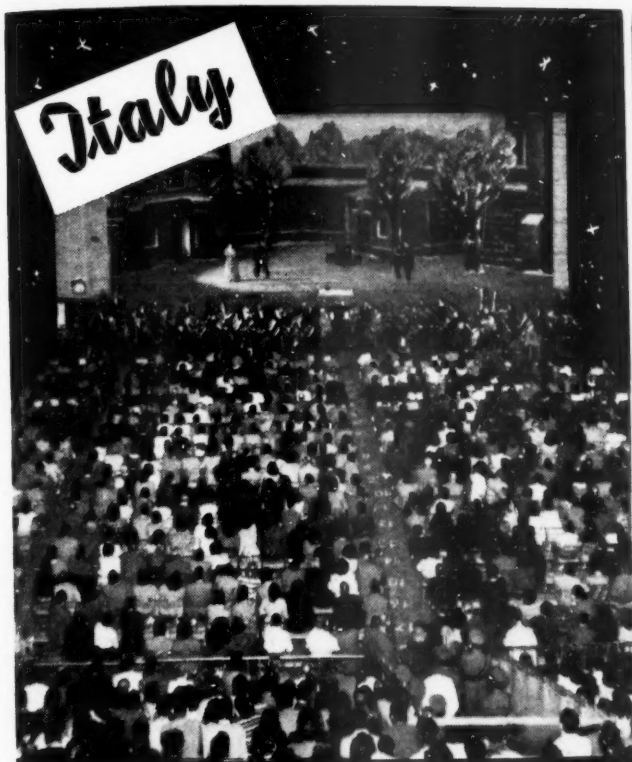
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